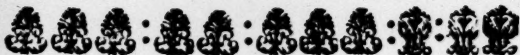


1914
★
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IN MEMORY OF
LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD
CLASS OF 1915

Dec. 29, 1925.



*No Frontispiece my Verses have,
But what kind Readers fansyes grave.*

THe Shadow of a spreading Tree
From *Sirius* doth the *shepherd* free,
He listens to a silver *Spring*,
Whose waters, as they run, do sing;
A little House, *Roch*, is near
A *Palace*, when her *Lord* is there;
The Gentle *Lambs* are feeding by;
The *Muse* approaching, with fair Eye,
Offers her *bounteous* Hand, and says,
Shepherd, here take this string of *Bayes*.
Embrace me, *Virgin*, Answers He,
I care not for thy *Bayes* but *Thee*,

He was too bold : The *Muse* too *Coy*.
She frown'd, and threw the *spring* away.

NYMPHA LIBETHRIS:

OR THE

COTSWOLD

MUSE,

*Presenting some extempore Verses
to the Imitation of yong Scholars.*

In four Parts.

*Quis me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat, si
quantum ceteris ad suas res obscundas, quantum ad fistos
dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates,
et ad ipsam quietem animi et corporis conceditur temporis;
quantum alii tribuunt intempestivis conviviis, quantum
deniq. alce, quantum pile; tantum mihi egomet ad hæc
studia recolenda sumsero?*

LONDON.

Printed for F. A. at Worcester.

1651.

C. PLIN. Epist. i. 13.

Sed tanto magis laudandi probandi
sunt, quos à scribendi recitandi; stu-
dio, hac Auditorum vel desidia vel superbia
non retardat.

Idem, VII. 8.

Fas est et Carmine remitti: non dico
continuo et longo (id enim perfici nisi
in otio non potest) sed hoc arguto et brevi
quod aptè quanta sibi et occupationes di-
stinguit. Lusus vocantur: sed hi lusus non
minorem interdum gloriam, quam seri
consequuntur. - Itaque summi Oratores, summi
etiam viri, sic se aut exercebant aut de-
lectabant; imò delectabant, exercebantque

Adolescentibus bonæ spei,

*SACKVILLO,
STRATFORDIIS fr.
GULIELMIIS fr.
HACKETTIS fr.
ÆARAO,*

*Nec non, COMMELINIS fr.
Contubernalibus suis S.*

Victus Amore vestrum, videtis quo
feror. In hac ætate, cum maturum
aliquid (si quid) edere deberem, et quod
viris placere posset, Flosculos nescio quos
parturio, et cum pueris cano. Sed bene ha-
bet, si vobis, Auditores lectissimi, quocun-
que modo, ad Humanitatis studia præire
poterò. Nam, ut magnopere laborem de fa-
ma, non est tanti. Etiam meliora Ingenia
quam est hujus hominis, sine venia non
placent. Vos vero valete, et Musam ve-
stram, quod facitis, amate.

Vester C. B.



The Chief Names honoured
by the Muse.

CH ANDOS.	Green.	Rusell.
Beale.	Hacket.	Samwayes.
Bellers.	Hammond.	Savage.
Bosworth.	Higford.	Skynner.
Bowr.	Hill.	Stapylton.
Bridges.	Howell.	Stratford.
Brown.	Kery.	Taylor
Burton.	Lawes.	Thomas.
Carew.	Lingen.	Tours.
Charlton.	Luther.	Turner.
Collier.	Merret.	Warren.
Commelin.	Mynn.	Williams.
Constable.	Palmer.	Whear.
Critton.	Parry.	Womock.
Crofts.	Philips	Wright.
Falkland.	Pinke.	Wroughton.
Freeman.	Powell.	Zuinglius.
Fuller.	Prideaux.	
Godwin.	Reading.	
Greenwood.	Rogers.	

The Consecration of all.

TO MY LADY
CHANDOS.

MADAM, See here, your *Rosell* Muse
Exults for Ioy your Name to use ;
(*Fair, Noble, Good*, all Titles due,
Are understood, when I name *you* :)
Well knowing every Thing is grac'd,
That's under *your* protection plac'd.
She's innocent , yet flies t' Your wing,
T'avoid *Suspicion*. She doth bring
Some Men of *Arms*, and Other some,
Whose praises do from *Learning* come.
To *Ladies*, She hath Honour done :
And above All, *Yourself* are One.
She hath inserted a few Toyes,
To please and profit the School-boyes.
I charge her , not disturb your pray'r,
(Though sometime she breaths holy ayr,

And sings the LITURGY in verse :)

Nor unseasonably rehearse :

But wait, til, at you *vacant* time,

You please to listen to her Rime.

When you, THAT'S GOOD, vouchsafe to say;

That, ô *that* word's the Poëts *Bay*.

To the same.

M Adam your Muse hath been in Labour too;
And she is now deliver'd, after you.

Her Off spring hath it's Fate, as you desire,

To live or, if you favour not, expire.

But may Yours last, and in all Grace-excell;

And be--what? The fair Mothers parallel.

Præceptori Suo,
Mro C. B.

Cantas, non teneras Amationes :
Nullus Carminibus tuis Priapus.
O factum bene ! Sanctiore Musa.
Tu Casus modo fortium Virorum,
Et Libros canis eruditiores :
Phædri pellepidam modo et Fabellam,
Et donas Epigramma Sæbivi.
Nulla est Pagina de tuo Libello,
Quæ non sum meliorq, doctiorq,
Hæc, inter trepidos Scholæ susurros,
Condix Carmina, idoneum levamen
Curarum. Domini die vocante,
Volvit majus Opus, sacrosq, libros
Interpres populo Eloquentiâ aptâ
Exponis, Grege non tumultuante.
Humana et sacra quando miscuisti
Felix, atq, Homini Deoq, servus ;
O sis aquè Homini Deoq, carus !
Vive, et scribe diu, venustiores
Artes et sapiens severiores.

Hæcettus.

Vester

VEster Amor, mi Præceptor, sit Nympha Libethris
Non solum : Hæc eadem sit quoq; noster Amor.

Thorn.

PRithee, what Virgin's that, so fine, so sweet,
That trippeth ore our Hills with her fair feet ?
Such Beauties we in *Cotswold* do not use
To see oft. Ha ! It is my Master's Muse :
The Mountain-Muse. She's Gentle, if she's His :
Let's all run after her, and get a kiss.

Sackvill.

IF your Muse hither make her oft resorts,
She'l be as much lov'd, as were *Douers* sports.

Straisford.

NYmphe (sit Te semper ament) Libethrides adsint
Semper Virgineo, sic precor una, choro.

A. S.

Daphnis. Amyntas.

D. A Myntas, ho ! Didst thou espy, to day,
A mountain-Nymph pass nimbly by this way ?
Her Garments handsom were, though nothing brave
Her Cheek and Eye, such as thy *Phy'lis* have.

A. Daphnis, to *Rœll* house early she went,
To her brave Lord, some Token to present.

D. Amyntas, Thanks : No better newes I'd hear :
I know, she'l find a noble-welcom there.

Townsend.

7
*On the Poems of Mr C. B. sometime
of Gloc. Hall.*

Sir, He that reads your verse will say, In it
There is some Learning too as well as Wit.
Although it now ly desolate, Gloster Hall
Was surely sometime more than a bare wall :
And among more Ingenious Fellowes there
You conversation had with learnd *will. whear.*
Your sober Muse, not puffed with Wine and Ale,
Shall b' entertain'd both in the Hills and Vale.

T.B.

To Zoilus.

Poor *Zoilus* ! I do already know ,
Because thou thinkst me Friend to *Cicero* ,
(And I'l prevent thee in it) This thy Gibe is ,
Even old *Martial's* , *Carmina quod scribis.*
I care not for thy censure, but conclude ,
Cause it displeases thee, my Verse is good.

A M I C O.

Barksdallii hic Imaginem videas Tui,
Musæq; cantus audias gratis sua,
At audiens vidensq; prædices bene,
ut Ille semper prædicat de Te optime.

NYMPHA

N

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Ny

TI

O

NYMPHA LIBETHRIS
OR THE
COTSWOLD
MUSE.

I. Part.

VIRGIL.

Nymphæ nosse Amor Libethrides.

The Nymphs, that dwell above
Oth' Mountains, are our Love.

LONDON,
Printed for F. A. at Worcester.

1 6 5 1.



C. PLIN. 1. 3.

E*ffinge aliquid et excude, quod sit perpetuum. Nam reliqua rerum tuarum post alium atq; alium dominum sortientur: hoc nunquam tuum desinet esse si semel caperit.*

Idem 7. 28.

N*Ec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos Iudicium vocant.*





Nympha Libethris,

O R

The Cotswold Muse.

I. To the Reader.

THe Cotswold Muse so call'd, to do her right,
 For rustic plainesse, not for any hight;
 Humbly craves pardon, if she chāce to meet
 Some delicate Reader, on her tender feet.
 She tunes her innocent Notes for pupils
 Whose fancy can't digest a verse too strong: (young,
 High Poems will deter them; these may teach
 And animate, because so near their reach.

II. Ad Magistrum Jonesium Coll. An. Socium.

Censor meorum Carminum, si vis, peto;
 Si quid merentur, calculum adjicias tuum.
 Sed non merentur; talis est candor tamen,
 Ni fallor, ac erga me amicum Amor tuus;
 ut censeas hæc apta, qua pueri legant,
 adeoque doctis posse non sperni viris.

B

Doctori

Doctori Greenwood Pro-
canc. Ox.

Oxonienſem qui Inventutem regis,
Refrixit erga me vetus Amor tuus ?
Si non refrixit, noſtris Tu Muſis ſave,
(Nam leniunt miſerias hæ cantu meas)
Iſtum lapillo meliore & ſigna Librum :
Quem veſtra pubes, & pueri noſtri legant.
Sic proſperè Regiminis Annaus exeat Tibi,
Et Sylva ſemper viridis floſceſcat Tua.

III. To Dr. Warren, why he
makes verſes.

WHEN I am weary of proſe, and Grotius
His Gravity is to my ſtomach nauſeous :
Then call I up my Cotſwold Muſe, to ſtring
Her Inſtrument, and (though but hoarſe) to ſing.
She ſits with me, ſince we familiar grew,
Whene'er I want ſuch company as you.
Often ſhe brings my friends in, on her feet,
And renders their ſweet Mem'ry yet more ſweet.
I ſmile at her, if ſhe do chance to hit
On a good expreſſion, or ſome point of wit :
And if ſhee barbariſe, like boyes at ſchool,
I ſmile too, and then chide, Away you fool.

IV. *On the Death of Mr. Charls Parry
Physician of Hereford.*

YOU that have credited your heav'nly Art.
By your long life, and health of every part :
You that have thousand patients yet alive,
New life unto your Memory to give :
You that cou'd a liv'd still, but that you'd die
Seeing the Church and Colledge vacant lie :
You that did bless'd your Physic with much pray'r,
By which I think, we so soon cured were :
You that, when living, would not take from me,
One small piece ; now you'r dead, accept this Fee :
This my remembrance of your worth you have,
A mean, yet gratefull verse, to adorn your Grave.

V. *To Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, Jan. 1.
with Fragmenta Regalia.*

SOMETIME, in Littl's Much :
I think this Book is such.
Great Elizabeth is here,
And many a Noble Peer.
Here in a Model true,
You may their pictures view :
Pictures, that represent
The Face, and Minds intent.
I't not a great Gift then,
The Queen and all her Men !
'Tis not enough ; to you
Much more, from me, is due.
The rest in pray'r I give,
That you and yours may live.

VI. *Upon an obscure hard Book,*

WHat meanst' The Volumes open, and I look
 With strict intention ; yet to me the Book
 Is closed still, and ty'd. I am as blind
 I'th' sense, as if, when scatter'd by the wind,
Sybill's leaves I were to re-com-pose ;
 These leaves are as unknown to me as those.
 Let others purge their brains, with some rare drug,
 To pierce thy meaning. The Italian shrug,
 Or nod, or any sign instead of speech
 I'll rather hearken to. Thou dost not reach,
 But puzzle me ; And I have cause to doubt
 The Author, to amuse us, put it out.
 Well, God thy ways. Certain, thou art less good,
 Because thou writ'st not to be understood.

VII. *To Mrs. Abigail Stratford
standing silent.*

Your Silence speaks your Virgin Modesty:
 Your silence speaks 'gainst our loquacity ;
 Your silence tells us, that you meditate,
 And treasure what your Mother doth relate.
 Silence, the gracefull orn'ment of a Maid,
 Is the wifes best defence. When all is said,
 The Husbands wrath takes place ; for her own sake,
 And for his too, let silence answer make.

Now, since so many gifts in silence are,
 What language with sweet silence can compare ?

VIII. *Preface to a paraphrase of Grotius
de veritate, &c.*

What learned *Grotius*, in Dutch Verse,
To *Holland* Merchants did rehearse,
My Muse would to the English send,
For this, wh ch was the Authors end :
That, among all things bought and sold,
And purchase of the Indian gold,
To make amends for what they've thence,
They may transport one pearl from hence ;
And plant Religion in those lands,
Where Reason hath any commands.
Goe on my Muse : see yonder Ray
From Heaven, to light thee on thy way !

IX. *Upon the English Liturgy put
into Verse.*

Excuse me for my pains : I thought it meet,
T' erect our cast book on Poetic feet.
Happly, in Verse it will be read by those,
That would not use it in the reverend prose.
And if the Book must needs to G ave be sent,
The Verse may serve it for a Monument.

X. *To Mr. David Williams with the Instru-
ctions for travell. Kal. Jan.*

Oblations take their worth from th' Altar, where
They'r layd. Although profane before, yet there
They

They become sacred. Sir, if that be true,
This now is somewhat worth, being given to You.

The Authors name some Reputation
Adds to the work, describing every Nation:
Not that you should a Traveller become,
Your Travell is to do much good at home.

*XI. To my L^a.C. with some
Papers.*

MAdam, These leaves, in stead of Fruit, intreat
Admission, to confess, not pay my Debt.
Great Debt! The more I pay, the more is due:
'Cause my Abil ty I owe to You.
Pray, let these Notes attend on Your commands,
Until my *Grotius* come to kiss your Hands.

XII. Another.

MAdam, I know y^e abound with your own store
Of Observations. But as the Poor,
At New year, bring their Apples and their Nuts
To Lords of Woods and Orchards; and none shuts
The door against them: So may your Servant fare,
And these Notes enter where rich Volums are.

XIII. *Upon the Picture of H. Grotius, in the front
of one of his Books, put into English.*

THE Grace (and Shame) of *Holland*, Friend of *France*,
Sweds Orator, The Conqueror of Chance ;
Poet, Historian, Lawyer, and Divine,
(See and admire Him) all in One combine.

The learned Latin world long since, now you
Of *Britanny* may entertain him too.

XIV. *Upon H. Grotius, and his principal works,
particularly De Imperio, &c.*

HE, who the *Greek wise Sayings* did translate,
VVith equall Pen, to *Latium* ; Vindicate
From Jew, Turk, Pagan, our *Religious Truth*,
As learned, as the Aged, in his Youth :
He, who th'*Hollandian States Pietie*
Presented unto ev'ry impartial eie :
VVho in the *Laws of War and Peace* all Nations
Hath well instructed : And, in's Annotations
On the whole Book of God, hath made that Light
Shine to unprejudiced mindes more bright :
He that was studious how to reconcile,
This and that Church, in milde *Cassanders* stile :
Hath shown, what Doctrine was *Pelagius* ;
VVho's older *Calvin* or *Arminius* ;
Is ever like Himself. Here, which is much,
He's Moderator 'twixt the *State* and *Church* ;
And clearly tells you, when you may prefer,
To th'*Ancient Bishop*, the young *Presbyter* ;
And when that new Invention may please,
By *Elders Lay*, to give the *Pastor* ease,

XV. *Against lascivious
Poets.*

INdeed they are not Poets : Creatures of wine,
And wenches ; and not of the sisters nine,
The Virgins of the Water. I abuse
That sacred Tit'e. Genuine Poets use,
Like Father *Homer*, to make, not to mix
Mens manners, better than *chryssops* far,
He that can't temper Modesty with wit,
Let him away, with *Ovid*, to the Gete.

XVI. *Ad Jacobum Commetinum med. cum
operibus Cratonis.*

Qui (toties non est miserum agrotare ?) quotannis
Sanâsti officio Meque Meaque tuo ;
Entibi Cratonem Magnum ! ut feliciter ille,
Et tu rem medicam (sic voco) facias.
Sic facis ; & saluam te semper præstat Apollo :
Ut possis medicam porrigere usque manum.

XVII. *Ad Thomam Carew, apud J. C.
cum Davenantii Poëmatibus.*

TEque meum, cum triste fuit mihi tempus, amorem,
Officiis dico demeruisse tuus ;
Meque tuum, si sortè occasio detur, amorem,
Officiis dices demeruisse meis.
Si placet, interea, hoc grandis non grande Poëta,
Ingenui dignum munus habeto tui.

XVIII. *To Mr. T. S. at his Generals
Funeral, Colonel Myn.*

SIr, could I tune my song as sweetly o'r
Your Generals hearse, as doth the Swan before
He dyes, you might expect, at th' Funerall,
Something from Me, worthy your Generall.
Let others, in Heroic Poems, sing
His praise, and worthily. I'll only bring
Some sighs and tears, not from dissembling Art,
But such as rise from a dejected Heart.
When you shall mention, how he did excell
In valour and fidelity; how well
The souldier and the city lov'd him; there
From my sad melting eye shall drop a Tear:
When, at your Periods, some, amongst the Crowd
T' approve your gratefull Sermon, hem a lowd;
Though I extremely love your piety,
My Commendation shall be a sigh.

Thus, in rude sighs and Tears, I celebrate
The Dead. True Grief is not elaborate.

XIX. *To Mr. Laurence Womock, after the
taking of Hereford, 1645.*

IF Preachers may be crown'd, as Poets may,
You as your Name, shall surely wear the Bay:
But *Laurence*, when so many now make sure,
And preach long Sermons, who before were mute;
Why are not you employ'd? You preach as long:
But this weakens your Cause, You preach too strong.

And

And you'r put back, now I more nearly see,
Because you have a spice of Prelacy.
No matter, Friend ; contentedly forbear :
Your eloquence shall find a Ladie sear.

XX. *To Mr. Turner, when the Governour had
giv'n him one of his Livings.*

See how it goes ! I that do preach and reach ;
Though your perfection I cannot reach,
In chair or Pulpit ; here am uselesse now,
And, for our faculties sake, I think, on you
Am cast. The Question 'twixt us shall soon end :
I'll be your Curate, and so keep my Friend.

XXI. *Ad D. Ro. Bosworthium, cum
invitatus non veniret.*

Teque, tuosque velim, mitis Bosworthe, sodales,
Innocuis mixtas salibus esse dapes :
Ceciliusque, Philippusque, & quos variis ille,
Powellusque tuus, Vinaliusque ferunt.
Illis pro largo, cum cetera reddis, amore,
Quid mihi das ? Veniam, dulcis Amice, dabis.

XXII. *On the translations by Sir
Ro. Stapylton.*

Wise Juvenal, neat Musaeus, Ovid sweet,
The Belgic bellic History, in meet

And

And equall phrase to th' Greek and Latine, all
 English! You by what Title shall we call?
 A polite Courtier, Grave Philosopher,
 Poet, Historian, and Souldier.
 The Authors, you translate, have the Great Sea,
 To make them free of th' English Common-weal.

XXII. *On Mr. Howels Vocal Forest.*

YO've made the Oke, Vine, Olive, and the rest,
 Discourse rare passages, as became them best:
 The Laurels, you have highly honor'd too;
 And 'tis their Gratitude to honour you.
 A sprig or Branch is not enough. If we
 May have a Vote, you shall have a whole Tree.

XXIII. *Upon a Visit of my L^a. C.*

IT cal's to wind the times Heroic, when
 Angels descended to converse with men:
 It cal's to mind the Day, when Angels sung
 Gods glory, earths peace, Good will men among.
 The Prince of Glory, to save man from sin,
 Made his first Visit to the poorest In;
 And to the wilderness he took his way,
 To reduce home the sheep, was gone astray.
 This lowliness and Meekness did fore-run,
 And cause his glorious exaltation.
 Even so, Great Persons a e hot of less Rate,
 This divine Goodness when they imitate.
 By these their high Humilities, they are,
 And Condescensions the Greater far.

Our Visit was not silent : She did say
 Words, that are Musick to me every day :
 They dwell in m^ear and mem^ory : to express
 Them on this paper, were to take them less.

XXIV. *Upon the Decease of my
 Infant-Lady.*

Even so, the nipping wind in *May* doth come,
 And b^east the choicest fruit, in the first bloom :

Yet shall this Blossom of Nobilitie,
 Preserv'd by Angels care, immortal be :

Such delicate Bodies sleep, and are laid by,
 In their Repositories. They do not dy.

XXV. *Upon the Scholars succeeding
 Souldiers at Sudeley Castle.
 To my Lo. C.*

MY Lord, If we kept Garrison in your House,
 We should perhaps, after the Souldiers use,
 Welcome your Honour with Artillery,
 As now we doe with our small Poetry.
 But, we believe, your L^ordships better pleas'd,
 The Castle's of the Garrison now eas'd ;
 And will prefer the Gentle *Muses* Lyre,
 Before the thundering *Mars* his smoak and fire.
 You'r our Good Angel ; to your Gracious eies,
 We offer up this Paper-sacrifice.
 Nor make we any excuse, for, in our sense,
 The Pardon's sure, where Duty's the offence.

XXVI. *Sudeley to Rowill.*

Rowill, the Hills, on which thou sittest, do not
 So much exalt thee, as my Lord, thou'st got
 Into thy bosom, when I desert ly,
 Vouchsafest perhaps a glance of's passing eye.
 I must confess, at present thy low roof
 (The Hills too're fitter for his Horses hoof)
 Excels my Turrets, and whilst He is there,
Sudeley is scarce said to continue here.
 The time will come, if our Hopes be not vain,
 When *Sudeley* shall be *Sudeley* once again :
 And Thou, my envy'd *Rowill* (no more harm
 I wish thee) shalt return into a Farm.

XXVII. *Rowill to Sudeley.*

WHat if my Lord well knowing the unrest
 Of Palaces and Courts, doth think it best,
 Sometimes to choole a solitary place,
 And it with his beloved presence grace ?
 Envy not, stately *Sudeley*, it's not thy Crime,
 That is the cause, but Troubles of the Time,
 Peace, banisht from Great Houses, is retir'd
 To Me, and such like Corners. I desir'd
 My Lord should breath himself a while with Me ;
 When War is ended, let him dwell with Thee.

XXVIII. Amico nobili D. Gul. Higford,
cum elogijs Thuan.

Quid me non dignum tanto dignaris honore,
 O decus, & vanie gloria magna tue !
 Scilicet, ingenii cum præste, ipse rigore:
 Obscuro lucem conciliare placet ?

*Sine vanus, nisi me laudes meruisse negaro,
Quas tua facundè Musa benigna dedit.*

*Nec tamen immeritas aspernor : non mihi tale
Ingenium, nec ita est cornea fibra mihi.
En, tibi Doctorum Elogia (at ne sperne) virorum
Do : Tibi par nullum scribitur Elogium.*

XXIX. *Mens regnum bona possidet, &c. Sen.*

Riches exalt not men on high,
Nor costly clothes of Tyrian dy :
Nor Court, nor Crown, nor other thing,
Is the mark proper of a King.
He, that from all base fears hath rest;
That banishes vice from his breast;
Whom no Ambition doth move,
Nor the unconstant peoples love ;
Whose Mind's his best Dominion,
Free from unruly passion ;
He's truly King. Thus if you live,
A Kingdom to your self you give.

XXX. *Answer to one, that asked why he lov'd a
Gentlewoman, not extreme handsome.*

THe Reason, Sir, is, if you would needs know,
That which the Poet hath exprest so :
There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
It is meer couzenage all :
For, though some long ago
Lik'd certain colours mingled so and so,

That

That doth not ry me now from choosing new ?
 If I a fanfic take
 To black and blew,
 That fanfic doth it Beauty make.

XXXI. *His Love.*

HOW can I chuse but place my high-born Love,
 Where I these Graces find come from above ?
 Humble in Heart, in minde discerning, chaste
 And temperate in Body, without vast
 Unlimited Desires ; whose passions all,
 At their Queen Reasons voice, both rise and fall :
 Courteous in speech and gesture ; of a Face,
 Which Modesty and Mildness sweetly grace :
 Ears undefil'd ; Restrained Eyes : a Tongue
 Well govern'd, ready to defend, not wrong :
 To God devout : a Friend unfeigned : prone
 To give and forgive : Good to all ; Best to One.
 These beauties envy can't see ; can't approve :
 I see, and seeing cannot chuse but love.

XXXII. *At the Funeral of his School-
fellow C.M.*

COME Scholars, I invite you all,
 Unto your Fellows Funeral ;
 Not to afflict your selves and grieve,
 But take a lesson how to live :
 Of the Dead learn Humility,
 Obedience, love, modesty :
 Learn, what to Scholars learning gains,
 Assiduous Industry and pains ;

Learn,

That

Learn, above all, to think upon,
 How soon a mortal life is gone :
 And seeing this life is perplex'd,
 Esteem him blest, whose turn is next :
 Whilst we with toil do con our parts,
 He's rais'd above all humane Arts :
 Hee needs no more Tuition ;
 For lecture, he hath Vision.

XXXIII. *Another.*

AND shall we never meet again ? no way ?
 Neither at School, nor Field ; at Books, nor play
 Is death so envious to our harmless Age,
 To call us thus untimely off the stage ?
 Or is't not envie, but more pity ; 'cause
 Such Tragedies are acted here : the Laws,
 And Learning silenc'd by the Drum ? 'Tis so ;
 I see what's best ; come all away, let's go.
 Let's leave this evill world, while we are Young,
 Untainted by this Generation.

XXXIV. *Upon the Death of his Brother C. M.
 to his Uncle R. M.*

I Have heard, that Man himself is only Spirit,
 And doth not dy, but only goes to inherit
 A better life ; that he is then set free,
 And rescued from the Bodies Custodie.
 If this be all the hurt that Death can do us,
 Why should we fear our Death, when it comes to us,
 Or, grieve our Friend's departure ? 'Tis no cross,
 Unless we think our Friends gain is our loss,

Yet am not I so wise to moderate
 The sorrow for my Brothers early fate,
 On such Considerations. If I stay
 The Current of my Tears, I must needs say,
 'Tis through a childish inadvertency,
 And want of wit, sadly to weigh, what I
 Have lost in such a Brother; how I am
 Half dead, at least, in him. Brother's a name
 More near than Friend: and Friends are stil'd the same.
 This would pierce deep, did I not find in you,
 Brother and Uncle, yea and Father too.

XXXV. Epitaphium Magistri T. Reading.

*Qui potuit felice Scholam formare Minerva;
 Cujus ab ore pias pulpita docta sonor;
 Cui mores, simul Jugenium præclara dedere
 Nomina; Quem virum tot coluere Poni:
 Illius Exuvie hic composita pace quiescunt;
 Ipse sed est cælo redditus ante suo.*

XXXVI. An Epitaph upon Mr. Jo. Thomas.

Vain Mortall, bid conceits Adieu:
 Happiness lost was never true.
 Art thou born in noble place?
 Is thy Education like thy Race?
 Hast thou of Land, and Wealth such store,
 That thou wouldst desire no more?
 Hast thou a wife vertuous and fair,
 Ready to bless thee with an heir?
 Hast thou Honor? Hast thou Friends?
 Hast thou all that Fortune lends?

Pride not thy self. Loe, here lyes One,
Who had all these : and He is gone.

XXXVII. *Upon the same.*

Rude Death'was't fit, that thy pale hand should light
Upon that Face, and in eternall night
Close up those eyes ? Hadst thou but a while stood,
And view'd him first, his youth, his beauty, his good
Graces and vertues : These might mitigate,
If ought could move inexorable Fate.
But thou, greedy of a rich prize, in hast
Our Friend in thy cold killing arms embrac't.
Keep what thou canst of him : but know, thou must
Be accountable for that precious Dust.

XXXVIII. *Upon the Death of Mrs.
Dorothy Thomas.*

A *Divine Gift*, is exprest in her Name.
And in her life and death she was the same.
A divine Gift, she was first in her Birth,
Blessing her parents, and adorning earth :
A divine Gift unto her Husband dear,
When Marriage made them a most happy pair :
A divine Gift in Death, wherein She is
Returned unto everlasting Bliss.
Her Name she doth in life and death maintaine,
First *Giv'n by God*, then *Giv'n to God* againe.

XXXIX. *Upon her Dying few dayes after her
Husband, Great with Child.*

WAs not the noble Husband sacrifice
Sufficient to please the angry eyes
Of cruel Destiny, but the wife too,
So vertuous, so yong, so fair, so true.
Must with him to the Grave : Were not they twain,
Enough for Death, but they must dye again
In their yong child, and that i'th' very womb,
Taking the Mothers body for h s Tomb.
Ah Death ! thrice cruel Death ! Can we
That could not beare one blow, bear three ?

XL. *Upon my La. C. and her sisters comming
into the Country, in a very rainy Day.*

WHy doe the Heav'ns thus melt in streams to day,
At the approach of Vertuous Ladies, say :
'Tis not for sorrow at so fair a sight ;
They'r tears of joy 'hat thus eccl pse the light.
And see, the Fit being past the Heav'ns look cleer,
Opening their flaming eye to see them here.
Here may they passe time with content, and stay,
Lest Heav'n weep sadly when They goe away.

XLI. *Pro Schola reparata : Ad Mæcenates.*

E Loquar? at teneræ vix est audacia lingua.
Eloquar : & liceat cuilibet esse pio.
Me pietas gratum esse jubet : nam me quoque tangit
Ornata vestro munere cura Schola.

*Quas possum Grates habeo, persolvere dignas
 Non opis est: Tenuis Gratia grata Bonis.
 Pergite vos gratas Musas decorare, patroni:
 Et pergent Musæ vos decorare pia.*

XLII. In Crastinum Beatæ Lucię.

*Quis clamor turbat tranquilla silentia noctis?
 Cui, Pueri, multâ curritis, ecce, face?
 Agnosco; fulsit Puerus (antiquissima, dulcis
 Lucię; Grata Scholæ Lucia luce magis.*

XLIII. In D. Doctorem Kerry, & Uxorem
 ejus piæ Memorix.

*Unus Amor vinxit concordia pectora: & una
 Alimenta præbuit pauperibus Charitas.
 Ambos una dies grandævus sustulit: una
 Recondit (ô Bestos!) urna, Cineres.*

XLIV. In Sholam torridam.

*HEU! Quantus nos æstus habet! Pater, audis, Apollo,
 Ignem in nos vibres miris è radiis.
 Musarum, nosli, Domus est hæc culta tuarum;
 Et per Te liceat dulce sonare melos.
 Insuper, hic plantæ florescunt, ecce, tenellæ:
 Crudelis fructus urere, Phæbe, potes?*

XLV. Aliter.

*Fervida sole calet nimio Scholæ, Maxime Phæbe,
 Muius in terras vad antia lumina sparge!*

*Nec Te adeo fallit ; nosti namque omnia Phæbus ;
 Hæc sibi caelestes assumunt limina Musæ :
 Sunt & adhuc teneræ plantæ (audi mente paternâ ?)
 Nec sufferre valent fervorem solis iniqui.*

P. S.

XLVI. *Vpon the School extreme hot
 in the Summer.*

IS it not wondrous hot ! O dear
 Father *Apollo*, shoot thy Rays
 More gently : knowst thou not that here
 Thy loved *Muses* make their lays ?
 Besides, O hear !
 Our plants are yong,
 And cannot bear
 The scorching Sun.

XLVII. *De Euryalo & Niso : Æn. 9.*

Quis Deus, O *Juvenes* ; quæ vos tam dira *cupido*
 Excitat ad Martis prælia non parilis ?
Nise, cur *Euryalum* Tu in tanta pericula ducis ?
 Euryale, ab ! *Nisum* cur velis ipse sequi ?
Est ea vis anavis. Tendunt in prælia. Somno
in Corpora pressa gravi multa dedere neci.
Ambobus fuit unus Amor, Victoria & una ;
Scisquæ una, heu ! nimium mortis acerba fuit.

XLVIII. *Aliud.*

Nisus ut hostili morientem cuspide vidit
Euryalum, in medios percussus, ecce, vixit,

*His fuit idem animus diverso corpore clausus :
Parte hac sublata, jam fugit illa simul.*

P. S.

XLIX. *Vpon the losse of some Copies.*

ALas poor Verses ? — why doe I complain ?
No matter if they ne'r be found again.
Lament the losse, the irreparable losse
Of *Livie's Decads*, *Tullies Hortensius*,
Or his *Republica* ! *Teren's Comedie*,
Or his *Menanders* ; *Ovid's Fasts* be,
And such like Poems worth the naming : These
Ex tempore Verses may be repair'd with ease.
Unlessse the Reader take all to the Best,
You may complain, you did not lose the Rest.

L. *To his Scholars.*

AS tender parents, with their Children, may
Go to Hide and Seek, and other childish play :
So I, that should have clos'd this youthly vein
Long since, for your sakes open it again.

Non erit grave, si adjecero hanc Præceptoris
Responsionem ad Valedictoriam *Petri*
Smithi, ad pueros itidem excitandos.

GRatior mihi, mi Fili, te talem genuisse. Eum te
indicat Oratio tua, de quo liceat paulum gloriari.
Nec æquum est probum dimittere Discipulum, nisi
merito Elogio honestatum. In moribus tuis pietatem agnosco,

& modestiam, assiduam in studiis diligentiam. Literis Graecis pariter ac Latinis ita excultus es, ut nemo antecedentium, meo quidem tempore, fuerit magis. Grammaticus, Poeta, Rhetor, Historicus, logices etiam elementa & Mathematices primis, quod asunt, labris degustasti. Et nunc pleniori haustu situm tuam explebit Oxonium. Plura dicerem in laudem tuam, nisi te laudanda facere, quam laudes addere malletm. Itaque, quod reliquum est, te hortor erudite ac dilecte Adolelescens, ut laudibus te semper dignum praebeas: ut Scholae nostrae idem evadas & ornamentum & exemplum. Habebis in Tutorem, juvenem doctum, probum, pium, olim ex hac Schola. Ita, cum Tutorem huic Scholae debeas, cogita te & Philosophum debiturum. In Aulam B. Mariae cooptandus, ex me scias, Romanensibus in more positum, ut Opera sua Mariae dedicent: Tu vero te ipsum & tua omnia Soli Deo Opt. Max. Consecrare debes. Cujus Gratia in-nixus aivē aprivovis. Quod ut fiat, precor, non Sancta Maria tibi ad sit propitia, sed Christus.

FINIS.

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THE COTSWOLD MUSE.

II. Part.

MARTIAL.

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria; sunt mala plura
Quæ legis: hic aliter non fit, Avite, liber.*

Some Epigrams are good, some are so so :
(This is the fate of books) the bad are mo.

LONDON,
Printed for F. A. at Worcester.

1651.



DEDICATION.

*To the Hopes of Hawling, Mr. Henry
and Mr. Richard Stratfords.*

YOU, although yet but very yong,
Perhaps will listen to my song:
On your Hills doth the Shepheard keep,
As good as any Cotswold sheep.
And seeing your pastures fruitfull are,
My Muse, I know, shall not goe bare.
May Both of you live long and thrive,
And your learn'd Fathers name revive.

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SECOND PART.

I. To *Mr. Fra. Powell* of Ch. Ch.

FRanc, I was writing to you, and *bit* my pen,
 And *scratcht* too for a Verse, once and again;
 But then my *tender Muse* told me, she knew,
 You were too much a *Critic*, and withdrew.

II. *The Muse craves entertainment.*

Gentlemen, I have travell'd far; and now,
 Some *Bonus Genius* guided me to you :
 I doe not come, to put you to much cost,
 Provide for me, neither your bak't nor rost.
 Give leave to rest my *Feet*, weary and bare ;
 A *hard Bed* contents me, and *harder Fare*.

III. *Cornelia Mother to the Gracchi*, è *Jul. Scaligero*.

, *Scipio* me genuit ; *genui Cornelia Gracchos* :
 „ *Quid miram est, genitam fulmine ferre faces !*

Scipio got me, I *Gracchies* bare. No wonder :
 If *fiery brands* came from One begot of *Thunder* .

IV. To *Mrs. Jane Commelin, upon the
birth of her second Daughter, at the
buriall of the first.*

Cosin, See what reward from Heav'n you have !
So soon as your lov'd Daughter was i'th' Grave,
Whom God took from you, for Correction
Of your excessive love ; a *resurrection*,
To recompence your patience, from the Tombe
Is granted her, thorough your fruitfull wombe.
You may conceive, that as the *languish* here,
She, by degree, did take a new growth there.
Nor need you call *this child another name* ;
But fancies it to be the the very same.

So, when you pluck a fresh *Rose* ; where it stood,
There presently springs up a *second Bud*.

V. To *Dr. Rogers Canon of Hereford, at his
first Residence.*

THE *Persian Magi*, to the new born King,
Present their *Gold*, as the first offering :
Duty commands me, give somewhat of mine
To our new born *canonical Devine*.
'Tis a *small piece*. Had I the rich mans store,
My learned Doctor, I would give you more.
I'd give you as *large presents*, as the rest,
Whom you now entertain at your *Great Feast* :
Not so great as your *lectures*. We had in Them,
Dainties from *Athens* and *Jerusalem*.

VI. *A new years Gift to Dr. Bosworth,
Physician of Hereford.*

DOCTOR, This is the *only* piece of Gold,
Brought me this good Time. *Gratitude* grows old,
And faint, in Schollers. No reward hath He,
That is an Informator of *School-free*.
Nay, which is more : In all my *Parish*, none
Hath vouchsafed me a *Church-oblation*.
Did I perhaps a *School-unlincens'd* teach ;
Or some new *lecture* to the people preach ;
I should then at their Feasts, my fingers lick,
Have Gold in purse, and Cassock wear of silk.
Be it as 'tis. You will *this Fee* approve,
In stead of more Gold, a true *Golden Love*.

VII. *A present to an oblivious Friend.*

DEAR Sir, *Two* new books of the same I send,
That when, as you are wont, the *One* you lend,
T'other may constantly upon you wait,
As *Monitor*, lest you forget me strait.

VIII. *To the same.*

I Understand, 'tis somewhat grievous,
That my *rude Muse* cald you *Oblivious* ;
Frown not, my Friend, your *Mem'ry* I will spare ;
If, at my need, mine your *Afflictions* are.
I give you leave never to think on me,
Till, by some *Office*, you may *usefull* be.
'Tis not the oft *Remembrance* shews a friend,
But *friendly Office*. So let the Quarrel end.

IX. *To one that lov'd not Verses.*

WHen, with ingenuous freedome, I rehearse
 My, not amorous nor fair, yet comely Verse:
 With wrinckled face, thou cry'st out, *Vanitie!*
 Now prithee, what is *all* that's done by thee?

X. *Upon his seven Children: two Girls dead,
 one alive, and four Boyes.*

THE *divine Goodnesse!* which I have often try'd;
 A pair to *seven* is quickly multiply'd.
 Two that were wisest, quickly made return,
 (Pardon me this *one tear*, fals on their *urn*:)
 The *female* remanent, with observant eye,
 I'd have to learn her Mothers *husewifry*.
 To the *four boyes*, I'd leave this *legacie*,
 (God giving) my *Arts* and *Theologie*.
 If I can breed them *Scholars*, there is none
 Can say, I gave them not a *portion*.
 In the meane time, I heartly wish, The *Quorum*
 Would grant me, but *Fus trium liberorum*.

XI. *On the Death of Mr. Fr. Pink.*

ARE thy eyes clos'd, my learned *Oculist*,
 And thy cleare light extinguished? What, i'th
 No herb, within thy spacious knowledge, can
 Cure the Disease of the *Physician*?
 I know what shut thine eyes; thine eyes did see
 Much, which thou wouldst not: And thy Grief
 For publick Evils, weighed down thy life.

Goe, and find *Simples* now, (untill we come
And meet there,) i'th' *Groves of Elizium*.

XII. To Dr. Charlton.

BROTHER, Thy *Helmont's* deep mysterious Art
I will not censure. But, in every part,
I saw such *wit*, and bright new *language* shine,
Without the *Title*, soon I judg'd it *Thine*.
One thing I blam'd (yet I know 'twas well meant)
With too large an *Elogium* it was sent.

XIII. Upon Dr. Croft, Dean of Hereford, his first Residence.

THE people lookt for their good *cheer and wine*;
According to th' *old Custome*: By a fine
Devise you doe evade (though the sad days
May well excuse not feasting, many ways)
You, in your *Grave* and learned *lectures*, bring,
To feast us, Great *Melchizedec* the King;
Your *Auditors*, intent on you, still feed;
And taste the *wine*, He brought for *Abrams* need:
This when the *Townsmen* heard the *church-men* say,
They *envy'd* our good *cheer* and went their way.

XIV. To Sir William Croft, with Thuanus Principes.

WIFE Sir, when I considered, how I might
Thank you for th' *Letter* you were pleas'd to write;

In favour of me, to *that* Prelate, who
 Thinks it reward enough of Good, to do:
 This *Manuscript* was ready at command,
 And all my *Princes* haste to kiss your hand:
 Here you have divers *Knights* and *Prelates* too,
 Some *few* like *Him*, and *fewer* such as you.

XV. *Vpon Dr. Brown Dean of
 Hereford, Preaching.*

Yonder he is! prepare and purge your care;
 You shall a *Crysostom* or *Ambrose* hear;
 With heavenly streins of divine *Nazianzen*:
 Such *voice*, such *style*, such *gesture* as those Men,
 (We believe) us'd, when in their *Homilies*,
 They drew so many *Tears* from sinners eyes:
 Not more than *This*, by his sad sacred Theme
 Of *De profundis*, and *Jerusalem*.

XVI. D.M. Godwino, Praelectori Heref.

Vis'n verum? mi Praelector doctissime, vestra
Lectura est Clero plurima, nulla poplo.

XVII. Mr. Stephano Philips Praelectori
 Electo, Paulo ante urbem
 captum. 1645.

AH duros hostes! tua quod Facundia mollis,
Quam vota exposcunt nostra, reclusa fuit.

XVIII. To Mr. John Beale.

Y^Ou that have read *Socinus*, *Crellius*,
 And the Interpreter *Volkelius*,
 Yet to the *English Church* have giv'n your name,
 Led by a discreet judgement; not by fame,
 Or 'cause you knew no other, from your Youth
 Bred up in this: They that embrace the *Truth*,
 On such *weak* Grounds, are still in *error*: Friend,
 I call you without scruple, without end:
 Nor will I care for their *unlearned* mocks,
 That, beside *Calvin*, think nought *Orthodox*.
 I mention Him not for dishonour, but
 I think *all* Truth was not in *one* braine shut.

XIX. To the religious pair of widows *Mrs.*
P. Green, and Mrs. M. Ruffet, with
the La. Falklands life.

I Know, when you have once perused it,
 You must confesse the Book a *present fit*.
 This Lady was compos'd of *Alms* and *Pray'r*;
 You live in Imitation of Her.
 Truly Religious, yet was she *timorous* too:
 In this is no disparity: so are you.
 By advise of Holy men, she still o'recame
 Her *fears* and *scruples*: Doe not you the same?
 She dyed with *comfort*, partakes heavenly joy:
 That you may do so too, at last, I pray.

XX. *To Dr. Warren, with return
of his Henry. VIII.*

THe Book you lent, writ by *cherbery's* Lord,
Much satisfaction did me affoord :
I now am more in love with that brave Prince,
Since we receiv'd this *true Intelligence*.
This Author gives, not the *reports* of Fame,
But the *Records*. Therefore record his Name:
All *Pamphlets* that have *blurd* this King, are not,
Compar'd to this Work, worth an old *Harry great*.

XXI. *An Apology, for naming some Honour-
able and Reverend persons, in his verses.*

BUt, now I think on't, I'll make no excuse,
For that some *honourable names* I use
In my poor Rimes. 'Tis a *small fault*, in an Age,
So many *Great Ones* are hift off the Stage.
People are bold : yet presume would not I,
To *name* them, but in *honor* to their Memory.

XXII. *Vpon a new Book of justification,
promised by my L. C.*

MAdam, you promis'd, and I did believe,
After y^e had read the Book, you would it give.
I heard you *left* it for me : and I doe,
With a most easy *Faith*, believe that too.
It met with some *deceitfull hand*, I fear;
His *faith* will never *justifie*, I'll swear.

XXIII. *Vpon*

XXIII. *Upon Verses made in his sleep.*

ME thought, I said, *They are very well, and so !*
They shall continue. Then I wak't, and, O !
 I cry'd *They vanish ! where d'ye take your flight !*
Stay ! Now I have them. Now th' are out of sight.
A while they doe thus on my Fausy wave :
A piece or two, but now ; now, none I have.
waking, I never shall recover them. Once more
I'll sleep : They'l come, as they did come before.

XXIV. *Upon Zuinglius.*
è Thuani Elogiis.

Zuinglius was slain i'th' *Front*, my Author saith ;
A stout Defender of Reformed Faith.
 God took his *soule* : His *Body*, th' enemies Ire
 Consumed, as *hereticall*, with fire ;
 All, but his *Heart*. His *bearty Faith*, his name,
 And pious Memory, dye not in the flame.

XXV. *Vpon Luther. ex eodem.*

HE dy'd not *horribly*, as the *Papists* say ;
 But, in a quiet manner, went away
 To a *better life* : And, but the Night before,
 To his friend *Iustus Jonas*, and some more,
 Discours'd of *life eternall*. Where, saith He,
 I nothing doubt, again I shall you see.
 Being dead, *Two Princes* for his *Body* strave,
 And carryed him with honour to the Grave.

XXVI. *On the Snow, on Newyears day.*

Sure the celestiaall Swan, to make a Feast,
 Is pluck't this Morne, for *Jupiter* and the rest
 Of's company. None of the *flesh* is meant
 For us; only he hath the *Feather* sent.
 Good *Omen*! though the *Token* be but *light*:
 The following year shall not be black, but *white*.

XXVII. *To Mr. Tho: Williams,
 at the Temple.*

Sir, if my *Muse* come 'fore the *Term*'s begun,
 And can get leave of *Cook* and *Littleton*,
 To speak with you, but a few minutes, know,
 Here are in *Cotswold*, those that think on you.
 And so we shall, as long as air, we draw,
 'Cause in our *Cases*, you give us the *Law*.

XXVIII. *To Mr. Ant: Stratford.*

YOU, who are ready, both to *goe*, and *ride*;
 And *speak*, and *doe* for me; I must not hide,
 Nor y^r *Love*, nor my *Gratitude*; but here
 I *fix* it, though but in a little *sphere*.

XXIX. *M. Georgio Stratford
 T. B. C C C.*

*S*ifortè *Oxonie Musam Tu videris alma
 Errantem, hospitio suscipe, Amice, tuo.*

*Auribus indigna est vestris ? Ignoscite ; nostra
(Non vobis) pueri rustica Musa canit.*

XXX. Mr. R. Samasio, C C C.

*Q*uando immemor fui, Tu meministi mei ;
Et me suavi alloquio tenuisti Tuo :
*I*pse igitur immemor, mi Samasi, Tui
Non sum, Mei nunc memor ; at nec vivens ero.

XXX. To Mr. Fra. Thorne.

*C*osin, I thanke you, you did send to Me,
Shoulder and Umbles fat, the Keepers Pee :
That I who daily live by my Lords meat,
Might sometime some of Sudeley Venson eate.
One favour more I pray doe not deny,
Now 'tis well bak'd, come and take part o' th' pye.

XXXII. To Mr. Tho. Bridges.

*S*ir, in your last sweet Letter, you did tell,
My Lady hath been ill. Whence, She is well,
By an easy Figure I collect, and pray,
At due time, she an Heir, and with him joy,
May bring her noble Lord, and Ours. But then
You goe on, and are pleas'd to say, My pen
You honour. So you doe indeed, when thus,
Out of your Courtesie, you Answer us.
I wish, such praise to my poor pen were due,
That it might worthy be, to serve and honour you.
Your Book shall be return'd which you sent white,
Blas'd with some Notes, se'ing you force me to write.

XXXIII. To Mr. Powell for the fair
wax-light he sent me.

A Welcome token ! Since, in the Holy Quire,
I fill'd one Stall, at the harmonious Prayr,
I have not seen the like. This I shall use,
Not for to fire my pipe, nor yet to choose
My morsels. But, when, like the laboring Bee,
I view my learned Autho s, and would see
To gather Honey from them, then your wax
Shall gild my silent Night. Now, lest you tax
Me for ungratefull, I this paper write,
A light requitall, for your better light.

XXXIV. To Miss. Susanna Charlton, On
the death of her Mother, May, 23. 1649.

THE sun was at his Rise, and did begin
To gild the earth, when that pure soule, kept in ;
Her mortall case by Nights cold hand, her strength
Put forth, and raising up her self at length
Took flight to heav'n : Heav'n, a far sifter place
For soules indued with celestial Grace.
And will you weep, now she 's happy ? will
You envy heav'n that new-come star ? and still
Deject your mournfull eye to earth, as if
There were no other but this dying life !
But you have lost her Company : You know
A way to find her out again, and so
Revive your Conversation. 'Tis this ;
Let your Thoughts dwell in heav'n for there she is.

XXXV. To Mr. William Burton,
upon his Clemens Rom.

Will, I receiv'd the *Title* of your Book,
And for the Book it self I long did look.
Why sent you 't not ? Unlesse you think indeed,
That I, not *Books*, but only *Titles* read.
Well, though I purchas'd it, at a dead list,
For mony, I will set it down, *Thy Gift*.
And, for *Names* sake, though he a *Bishop* be,
Yet I will much esteem him, and for *Thee*.

XXXVI. In morte Gulielmi Fratr̃is.

On
C *ur adeo (quæris) libet indulgere dolori ?*
Est mortuus uno funere Frater-Pater.

XXXVII. Grotius de verit. Relig. *Englished*.
To John and Richard Hows,

h
C *osins*, I will deale plainly, some doe say ;
Because they are so loth their *Tith* to pay,
Our *Yeomen* lure think not *Religion true* :
(Although this *crime* I don't impute to you :)
This Book, though written in a higher strain,
Than what they use to read, doth not disdain
It self to offer to their *rougher* hands
Entreating *gentle* usage ; and commands,
By strong & Reasons, They henceforth believe
There is a *God*, and so no longer grieve
His servants, and deny their *old Rewards* ;
V. To Themselves shall gain by it : if they cast their cards
Rightly

Rightly ; *Gain*e, what they love with all their heart,
Good Harvests, when the *Parson* hath his part

XXXVIII. To a *Gentlewoman*, with
Dr. Featly's Handmaid.

A *Handmaid* I present to wait on you :
 Accept her to your service ; and with true
Devotion serve your God. His service is
 Our *freedom* : His Reward will be our blisse.
 Your *piety* hath a present fit : If small ;
 Know, He that sent you *This*, would give you *All*.

XXXIX. Of *Beauty*.

IN love, if I doe rightly measure it,
 That is most *beautifull* that is most *fit*.
 Why else would lusty *Jack*, 'foie every one
 Of the fair Ladies, prefer homely *Jane* ?

XL. Upon *Dido*.
Ausonii.

INFelix *Dido*, nulli bene nupta marito !
 Hoc peremite fugis, hoc fugiente peris.

Wife, twice unhappy in thy *Genial Bed* !
 Thou *fled'st* when one dy'd : Dyd'st when th' other fled.

XL I. *Upon the Histories of the
late Wars.*

AS the *Armies* did against each other fight ;
Even so doe our moderne *Historians* write :
Each for his *side*. The *Stationer* says, *Buy both* :
Compare them, and you may pick out the Truth.

XLII. To *Mr. Savage*.

Sir, Though your *Name* be noble, yet your *parts*
Make you more noble, Your ingenious *Arts*,
Your *picty*, your *liberality*,
And (though now private) *Hospitality*.
Before the late *Decay*, (if that I can
Judge right) such was the *English Gentleman*.

XLIII. To *Mr. Edward Carew*.

I Think upon, what once I heard you tell,
Your new borne *Daughter* was so extremely well
Compos'd and featur'd, that you ne'r did spy
So pure a Beauty wth your *impartial* eye.
But then, you said, within a little space,
Was lost and vanisht that *exceeding Grace*.
That *Grace*, Sir, is not *lost* : It is *retir'd* :
An dill appear again, when She's a *Bride*.

Yet if we this *observe*, 'tis very Right :
No credit's to be given at *first sight*.

XLIV. To

XLIV. To Squire Higford, upon his
Grandfathers Book.

THE English Gentleman, and the Compleat,
I have read long since, but *this Book*, of your great
And learned Father, doth surpasse them all;
We justly may, Him the Grand-Father call.
Precepts, which he so learnedly doth give,
And lovingly, How can you choole but live!

XLV. The wolf and the Lamb.
Phædri.

AD rivum eundem lupus & Agnus venerant,
Siti compulsi: superior stabat lupus,
Longeque inferior Agnus. Tunc sauce improba
Latro iratus jurgi causam intulit.
Cur, inquit, turbulentam fecisti mihi
Aquam bibenti? Laniger contra timens;
Qui possum, quasi, facere quod quereris, Lupo?
A te decurrit ad meos haustus liquor.
Repulsus ille veritatis viribus,
Ante hos sex menses, ait, maledixisti mihi.
Respondit Agnus: Equidem natus non eram.
Pater hercle tuus, inquit, maledixit mihi.
Atque ita correptum lacerat injusta nece.
,, Hæc propter illos scripta est homines fabula,
,, Qui fictis causis innocentes opprimunt.

Upon a time, to one fair stream,
The ravenous Wolf, and soft Lamb came;
Both thirsty. The Wolf, he drank there
Above; below, the Lamb drank here.

But when the Thief with's greedy eye
 The trembling Wool-bearer did spy :
Thou art, saith he, in danger brought,
Because thou hast disturb'd my draught.
 He answers meekly ; *How can't be ?*
I drink at distance as you see.
 It was so evident, that thence
 The Wolf goes, and seeks new pretence.
You did revile me with your Tongue
Six months agoe. 'Las ! not so long
Have I liv'd yet. Then 'twas your Dawn :
 And so devours the silly Lamb.
 „ Thus Men, when they oppress by might
 „ Doe never want pretended Right.

XLVI. *The Fox to a head of Plaster.*
 Phædri.

Personam Tragicam fortè vulpes viderat :
O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet !
 „ *Hec illis dictum, quibus honorem & gloriam*
 „ *Fortuna tribuit, sensum communem abstulit.*

It is a very handsome face and head, thats plain,
 The Fox said : But where, O where is the brain !
 „ Outward Adornment is not it ;
 „ When within is wanting wit.

XLVII. *To Mrs. Abigail Stratford.*

I Once thought it had only a *Jell* been,
 That *Maids* are marriageable at *fourteen*.

But now I see 'tis *Truth*. You don't begin,
 Till *July* next, your *fifteenth* yeer : yet in
 Your *person* we see *firmesse*. Not to seek
 Your praises from the *Latine*, or the *Greek*,
 Or th' *Arts* your *Father* taught : you are grown tall,
 As is your gentle *Mother* ; and withall,
 From her assiduous *Exemplar*, You
 Discretion have to govern the *House* too.
Phœbus, at your last *walk*, when he well ey'd
 Your *person*, said, *That Virgin's like a Bride*.

My *Muse* had done : I wisht, she had forborn
 Your cheek blush't, fair as is the *Roly* morn.

XLVIII. D. Doctori Skynner.
 Cancell. Heref.

*Qui toties mensâ es, toties dignatus amicis
 Hunc hominem diçlis ; Nemo alius quoties :
 Absit, ut eximum patiar vaneſcere Nomen,
 Aut longe distans immemor esse Tui.
 Inter Amicorum tot nomina (ni grave) Nomen
 Tu patere, ut proſter, Doçtor amice, Tuum.*

XLIX. D. D. Wright
 Doçt. Medico.

NOn adeo nostram obſcurant obliuia memem,
*Quin memini quantum debeo, Amice, tibi.
 Debeo, sed non sum solvendo. Forſitan olim
 Rem dedero, nunc jam non niſi verba dedi.*

L. Mr. Tho. Jamesio Col. O. A.

Non ubi terrarum legis, Ingeniose Jamesi,
Scio : attamen Te esse in libris meis scias.
 Postremus quanquam legeris Tu carmine nostro ;
Audi Amicorum non postremus tamen.

Vpon the new-Printing.

THis Print's so fair and bright, in th' others stead,
 The Letter now invites and crys, *Come, read.*
 My little Boys are so rane with't, that They
Printers will be and *Stationers*, they say.
 I bid them, be good *Scholars* : To write well,
 Is better, than either to *Print* or *Sell*.

Conclusion.

Johnson and Fletcher ! Davenant and the rest !
 Why have you so my *Fantasy* possest,
 That I cann't chuse but *pass* away in Rime,
 What I must give a strict account for, *Time* ?
what should I doe ? My Head ak't and about
 To break, hath much ease gotten, now 'tis Out.
 Now I am fit, being freed from this short paine,
 To translate the wise *Grotius* againe.

Jan. 11.

THE END.

THE COTSWOLD MUSE.

III. Part.

TERRENT.

*Homine imperito nunquam quicquam injustus :
Qui nisi quod ipse facit, nil rectum putat.*

An empty fellow, puff'd up with conceit,
Beside his own, thinks no mans Verse is streit.

LONDON,
Printed for F. A. at Worcester.

1651.



*The Dedication of the
Third Part.*

To my Nephew J. B.

THe care thy Father once bestow'd on Me,
I very gladly would return to Thee.
What I to Thee (thus love in a blood runs)
Doe thou communicate unto my Sons.
I have no land to give, such is my Chance :
Take this Poeticall inheritance.
A little here is best : because much more
Of Poetry, perhaps would make you poore.

§

31

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T H I R D P A R T.

I. Lupus ad Canem.

„*Q*Uàm dulcis sit libertas breviter proloquar.
 Cani per pasto, macie confectus Lupus
 Forte occurrit : salutantes deinde invicem
 Ut restiterunt ; Unde sic quasō nites,
 Aut quo cibo fecisti tantum corporis ?
 Ego qui sum longe fortior, pereō fame.
 Canis simpliciter : Eadem conditio est tibi,
 Præstare domino si par officium potes.
 Quod ? inquit ille. Custos ut sis liminis,
 A suribus tuearis & noctu domum.
 Ego verò sum paratus : nunc patior nives,
 Imbresque, in sylvis asperam viam trahens :
 Quanto est facilius mihi sub tecto vivere,
 Et ociosum largo satiari cibo ?
 Veni ergo mecum. Dum procedunt, aspicit
 Lupus à catena collum detritum Canis.
 Unde hoc, amice ? Nihil est. Dic quasō tamen.
 Quia videor acer, alligant me interdum,
 Luce ut quiescam, & vigiliis nox quum veneris :
 Crepusculo solutus, qua visum est vagor.
 Adfertur ultro panis, de mensa sua
 Dat ossa dominus, frustra jacti ut familia,
 Et quod fastidit quisque pulmentarium :
 Sic sine labore venier impletur meus.
 Age, si quo est abire animus, est licentia ?
 Non plane est, inquit. Fruere, quæ laudas Canis.
 Regnare nolo, liber ut non sim mihi.

The Wolf to the Mastif.
c Phædro. 3.

33 **H**ere you shall briefly see,
33 How sweet is Liberty.

THe starved Wolf a full fed-Mastif mer.

Alter salute, the Wolf said, Where dost get
Such flesh about thee ? I that have more might,
And bite more sharply, am thus hunger bit.

Thou shalt be welcome Wolf (he doth reply)
And fare, if thou canst serve, as well as I.

What service ? Keep the dore sate : and by night
With thy loud barking put the Thieves to flight.

Content : now in the snow, rain, woods I live ;

'Tis far more easy sure with thee to thrive,
Lye idle, and i'th' dry. Then come away.

He spies his neck worn with the Coller: Pray
How came this ? It is nothing. Pr thee tell.

Cause I am fierce, by day they chain me well :

And in my kennel let me take mine ease :

In the evening loose I wander where I please:

I wait at Table, and have many a bone

And meat too from my Master. Every one

Casteth to me, what's on his Trencher left :

So I grow fat, without or pains or theft.

Thats good. But can't you go when, where you will?

No, by no means. Then Mastif take thy fill.

I for my part would not a Kingdome have

(I'm sorry for thee) to be such a slave.

II. To Mr. Ro. Scudamoor.

THink not, I only prattle with my *Muse*:
Sometime I draw *Pitiscus Hypotenuse*:
Sometime I fathom the deep *Stagyrite*:
Sometime I read *Historians* that write
Of States and Princes, and their bloody Wars,
And am, methinks, embroyled in their jars.
But, where the *Golden letter* is, that *day*,
Scripture I read alone, and *preach* and *pray*.

III. To L. Hedworth.

WOuld I had broke my shins, 'fore I had gone
Thither (*men use to say*) or That had done!
When you came with your souldiers to possesse
The *Castle Sir*, In courtesy, I confesse,
To lodge by *Portmans tow*, I brought you at night,
(Beshrew the wench that brought me not more light)
I say not whether I well or ill did doe,
But sure I broke my shins, and did it too.

III. Upon Mr. William Lawes.
To Mr. Will. Brode.

HE that made Music for a Prince's eare,
Compos'd by nature for the pen, not *spear*;
Whose *band* nor *voice* had never made a *jar*,
Breath'd out his last *note* in this fatal War.
Farewell sweet *Will*: since thou our *Chief* didst dye,
We have no *Music* now, but *Elegy*.

V. *Vpon Mr. Henry Lawes.
To Mr. Jo. Philips.*

HAny, if ever Brothers did agree,
Thou and thine did most harmoniously.
You have so excellently done your parts,
Y' have won all that delight in the sweet Arts.
And, we o'th' Quire praise you the more for this,
Because your well-set Music *sacred* is.
Wee'l make much of your Works ; for who shall see,
In after-times, two such as *Will* and *Thee* ?

The Ghost of *Sandys* in *Elizium* longs
To have his joy encreas'd by *Hu-You* Songs.

VI. *Vpon Beggers lodg'd in the
Col. Heref. 1645.
To Col. B.*

Sir, we are not so bold to fight with God,
But meekly do submit unto his *Rod*.
Yet we may aske, why thus you doe give leave,
The nasty *Beggers* should our Chambers have.
Doe *strangers* spoil's for Incivility ?
All strangers drunk of our Humanity.
Doe th' *poor* possesse *All*, 'cause we did not give
Due *Alms* ? poor people we did still relieve.
D' ye mean, because you think that we want grace,
To turn us out into the *Beggers* place,
As they'r in Ours ? What ere 'tis, *we* got *Hence* :
liggon hath taught us *patience*.

VII. *Vpon the taking of Hereford, Decem. 1645.*
To Col. James Wroughton.

Why don't they break the Ice? I heard you say,
 The night that did precede that farall day:
 (The day when the stout Judge was Prisoner, and
 So many Knights and Gallants, at command
 Of starv'd Souldiers, their Gold delivered) when
 The faithfull Town was sold to Morgan's Men,
 And plunder'd Norman cryd out, It had not
 Been worse, if we had yielded to the Scot.
 'Twas well; they did not break the Ice. For why?
 Sir, you remember, who scap't ore the wy.

VIII. *To bald Men.*
Phædri. 5.

*Invenit calvus fortè in trivio pectinem:
 Accessit aliter aque defectus pilis:
 Heja, inquit, Est commune quodcumque est lucrè.
 Ostendit ille prædam & adjecit sumit:
 Superum voluntas fuit, sed fato invido;
 Carbonem, ut aiunt, pro thesauro invenimus.
 „ Quæ spes clusit, hinc querella convenit.*

By th' way, a certain Man, who had no haire,
 A Comb took up. Another tull as bare
 Seeing H'ad found something, cryes out *Half à mine.*
 I'm willing, said the first, Half should be thine:
 But neither of us can make use of this;
 (A coal for treasure) bad our good luck is.
 „ So may every one complain,
 „ That's disappointed of his gain.

IX. To

IX. To his Friends omitted.

YOU aske me, why I doe your Names forbear?
 Others doe quæll 'cause their Names are here;
 These only on my too much love complain:
 You I'll remember, when I write again.

To the Printer.

I Pray, take care; Th' Erratas are enow
 I'th' Book it self, although you Print it true.

XI. Ad Guil. Turrium T. B.

TE dono docti Versibus Turri meis:
 Non ut premantur tristi censura tua;
 Sed ut legantur Domina Heydona liberis,
 Quos Tu gubernas mites, & miti manu.
 Tu maximo (ni grave) me commendatum habe,
 Meo Roberto pridem Auditori, precor.
 Sic Tu tuorum compos votorum sis,
 ut nunc libenter huic voto faves meo.
 Audis? Amicum quando vacabit visere?
 Nam nemo erit Barksdallo gratior Tuo.
 uxoreula, si placeat, nunties tuæ,
 Quam plurimam salutem à me, ac etiam mea.

XII. Mr. Frœman, Theologo Seni.

Quantum dolebam nescis, quando aures meas
 Pulsavit ille rumor, Hominem perditum,
 Quem nescio, calcasse pedibus suis
 Senem verendum, sedasse & canos tuos.

Flammiis piandum scelus ultricibus! *Vides;*
Quae Tempora (heu!) Clerum nunc venant impotens;
Qui Te modis indignis tractavit Senem,
Credo, tremuisset ad tua verba Juvenis.
Quid debeas, novimus, ingenio libero:
Vicunque liber, possidebis illis, mane.
Nec anxius mentis, quaso, nimium fies,
Quod rustici Te Decimis defraudant Tuis.
Qui pascit omnia, & Viduae anxie Oleum,
Qui nec volucres unquam destituit cibo;
Noli timere; Familiam pascet Tuam:
Nolo timere; Familiam pascet Meam.

XIII. In Phædri Rigaltiani
 editionem Novam.

Quis Ancicus hic veste recenti ambulans?
Quos ore melleo pulcros fundit iocos?
Quae miscet utilissima, & peridonea
Præcepta viua? Agnosco nunc Phædrum Meum.
I Phædre, & osculetur omnis Te Puer:
Omnisque Libros facundos terat Schola;
Omnisque grates Slatero reddat Schola.

XIII. Oleum non deficiet
 i Reg. 4.

Thou hast Gods blessing. Powr out still. The Oyle,
 Till thou shalt cease to powr, will never faile.
 So doth the Poet and the Preacher spend
 A little stock: and it grows without end.

XV. Ad Mr. Collicerum.

MI Colliere, si facundiâ tuâ
 Sim præditus, Candorem nunc laudem tuum,
 Nec non Amorem in hunc hominem, quem Tu libens
 Amplexus es, latusque aperuisti fores
 Optatæ Amicitie : quam perpetuò colam,
 Et propagabo ad utros, si poterò, meos.
 Tu vive longum, pelle nec Musam foràs ;
 Namque illa non molesta, si vacas, eris.

XVI. Ad Mr. Palmerum.

PAlnere, nomen si excidat Musa tuum,
 Si sæpe non ego Te recolam animo meo ;
 Tunc excidat mihi penitus nomen meum :
 Musam benigna Hallinga nec recolat suam.
 Si fortè sacris non studes concionibus,
 Tibi hos Amoris Versus taxum'gius habe.

XVII. To Mrs. Eliz. Williams,
for Dr. Taylors Rule.

YOUR Book imprinted and bound by *Franc Ash*
 So finely well, hath giv'n me, not a flash
 But fire from th' Altar. It will spoil the Sale
 Of Handmaid, Practice, Crums, and Posies all.
 Taylor, by's Samplar, and this Rule to live,
 Is Master of Devotion Unitive,
 Adde to this Doctor Him that of Conscience wrat ,
 Th' are fit all Christendome to regulate.
 Thus I my Debt to you doe raise,
 While your fine gift I daly praise.

XVIII. *Vpon Dr. Hammonds works.*
To Mr. John Beale.

THE first came to our hands was *Conscience*,
 And of *Resistance* : whose great excellence
 So took, that you perswaded us in *Wales*,
 No man could write such things but only *Hales* :
 And you remember *Stedman*, on his name,
 Wrote the word *Selah*, for an *Anagram*.
 The genuine Author's not long hid : Out comes
 At last his learned Works in two fair Tomes.
 And (which is much) they truly printed were,
 By th' care and cost of a *Key-Stationer*.
 How shall I honour with deserved praise,
 The *Defence* of noble *Falkland*, or the *Keys* ?
 His Tracts of *Wit-worship* and *Superstition*,
Scandall, *Idolatry*, and *Admonition* ?
 I know you prize his *Catechisme* alone,
 Above great *Calvins Institution*.
 And for his *Sermons*, I can't tell you whether
 I would read *Chrysostom's* or *Hammonds* rather.
 Take this from me, read it with favour, then
 Finish th' *Elogium* with your stronger Pen.

XIX. *Jo. Warrenq suo LL. Doctori.*

VERSUS agrestes nunc Tibi mitto meos,
 Absentia ut veniam mihi libenter daret.
 Videbis ipsum me, cum longior dies ;
 Atque interim non immemor vivam Tui.
 Ridere paulum, Warrence, si vis, Te volo :
 Neque esse ego non optimum Civem puto,
 Ridere multum tempore qui tali potest.

(62)

XX. V. Cl. Herberto Crofto.
D. H.

Tu qui peritissimus es doctarum Artium,
Et Fauctor, & (meministi?) Patronus meus;
Dignare Carmina hæc, quæ scribuntur Tibi
Rudi Minerva, noscere ac ignoscere.
O quando verba audire ex ore melleo,
Tuoque Crofte licbit affata frui!

Ne sperne, quæso Amiculi munusculum:
Is plura debet, paucula hæc qui nunc dedit,
Quod desse novit, voto supplicbit pio;
Tuque & sorores suaves vivalis diu!

XXI. To D. Rogers C. R.

YOU doe remember Sir, after that I list
And fatall *Nasby* Field, you kept a Fast.
And in your eloquent Sermon, you were wroth,
The Souldier stole *Letter-Communion-Cloth*.
Therefore He fled. But pray, Sir, doe not some
Despoile whole Churches and yet overcome?
Scots, I confesse, that once did *Hereford* guard,
Stole my Church-cup, were buried i'th' Church-yard.

XXII. To Dr. Higs D. L. upon
L. Verulam's Motto.

YOU told me Sir, you did a long time look
To please your Curiosity, out of what Book,
The Philosophic Lord, that so fam'd was,
Had tane his *Viderit Vtilitas*,

Yon

You turned many Volumes in each part;
 At length you found it. Where? In *Ovid's Art*.
 Let P. oft see to it self, the Poet cries;
 What e'r come, I'll pursue my ente prize.
 Great *Verulam* also car'd not what he lost,
 That in's Experiment he might not be crost.
 At last grown poor: He said; *My Sovereign, give*
I've liv'd to study not studied how to live.

XXIII. To D. Critton, C. R.

You quarter'd with me, but did seldome eate,
 Unless from Court they brought you your own meat.
 'Twas rosted well and cleanly at my hirth,
 The sawce your self made with your learned mirth.
 To quarter you, what Scholar would not seek,
 Who so abound in Latine and in Greek?
 Think on your Landlord, pray Sir, by this hint,
 When you your *M S.* long much-expected Print.

XXIII. Upon the Death of B. Prideaux.

yard.
 NO time else, to vote *Bishops* down, but when
 We had i'th' *Throne* such eminent and good Men;
Laud (give leave to name him first for St. *John* :)
 Great Treasurer, the Great King's Confessor *Juxon*,
How'l, Tours, Frew'n, Dupp', Hall, Prid'aux. 'Twas no
 Decreed, Episcopacy should goe out (doubt,
 Like the Holy Lamp. When it had burnt enough,
 It was extinct, but dy'd not in a snuffe.
Prideaux his Mem'ry lives in the *Oxford* chair,
 More than at *Woster*. Where he begat so fair

A Progeny of *Divines*, that (as they say)
 A hundred of his *sons* did meet that day,
 To th' *Fathers* he was gather'd, There was One
 Preacht a sad Sermon in harmonious tone,
 Another made the Oration, and all gave
 Him Reverence, as he passed to his Grave.
 Hospitall *Bredon* doth his Corps confine :
 His Learning over all the Land will shine.
Exeter and all *Oxford*, when for Fame
 They will dispute, shall revive *Prideaux* Name.
 And though the *Bishop's* dead, *The Doctor* will
 Survive in his laborious *Lectures* still.

XXV. Cancer occultus.

There is amongst humane Diseases one,
Cancer occultus, the Physicians call it,
 Whose safest Cure is to be let alone,
 Lest a more grievous malady befall it.
 If we may judge by the actions of late,
 The same is sometime verified in the State.

XXVI. Upon Dr. Kery and his wife.

One love conjoind them in the nuptiall Bed :
 One charity with alms poor people fed :
 One day (both very aged) cut their thred :
 One grave keeps them together buried.

XXVII. Priscianus Vapularis Frisclim.

Upon Vossius de Arte Gram.

WHEN Priscians Head was broke by Quiddities;
 And by Scotistical Hacerites,
 And the poor Pedant's Spirit, were almost spent,
 Erasmus Books reliev'd him with their sent,
 If he be hurt again in any part,
 Now let him only smell to Vossy's Art.

XXVIII. Upon Mr. Shirley's Gram.

Anglo. Lat.

THE Child that would learn *Latine* very early;
 Let him, at first, acquaintance get with Shirley.
 He will assay the tediousness of School;
 In sweetest Verse composing every Rule.
 Thanks learnt Shirley for the ingenious pains,
 Thou shalt have place fore *Fernaby* and *Dates*.
 This is so good, I prithce let's have all,
 And hasten s'other part *Poeticall*.
 We are in hope, that we shall quickly see,
 Because it runs upon such nimble Feet.

XXIX. An English Library.

To R^e. Sackvill.

XXVII
 Sir, you'r my Scholar, and desire that I
 Should choose you out an English Library
 Not that you doe despise *Latine* or *Greek*,
 But Knowledge also in your own Tongue seek.

Too many Books *distract* the mind : a dozen
 Are worth a Hundred, if they be well *chosen*.
 I commend *These* to you, not that I wo'd
 Disparage others : They may be as good.
 First *Hammonds* Catechism, if to guide your life,
 You'll read *Divinity*, and not for strife.
 With whom (sending disputes to the Schoole)
 Joyn *Taylor's Sampler* Jesus, and His *Rule*.
 That Ancient Worthies footsteps you may tread,
 The Generall History of *Religion* read :
 In speciall, your own Countrys actions make
 Your study, where *Camden* and *Baker* take.
 That you may raise such Observation,
 Peruse the Aphorisms of *Dabington*.
 Church-story, when she was pure, when vicious,
 You'll shortly see in my *severe Sulpitius*.
 The Mathematics a noble study be,
 Read *Euclid* Englished by Doctor *Dee*.
 Adde, if you please to be led further on,
Messius and my *Pitiscus*, when th'are done.
 The *Glares* admired use, I'd have you know;
 And that the learned *Gregory* will show.
 For *Morall* precepts to your *Semant* soon
 The Author adde, Of *wisdom* writes, *Charon*.
 When weary you throw the Graver *Poese* away
 Refresh your spirits with witty *Fletcher*. play.
 Sometimes run ore the books of modern *news*,
 And doe not scorne the *Verse* of my plain *Muse*.
 But now, because among all cares, but *One*
 Is needfull, I'll end with *Religion*.
 The *Bible* is God's book. Like *Barroome*,
 Read every day the *Gospel* on your *knee*.
 To give you light in places dubious,
 I doe prepare some *Notes* of *Grotius*.
 That you may not be abus'd by *Schismetics*,
 Read *Hookers* 'Clesiastic Poetics'.

You'll know the *Rights* both of the Church and State;
By studying *Gratius*, whom I translate.

'Tother rare piece, *De veritate*, can

'Gainst Jew, Turk, Pagan prove Truth *Christian*

And, though 'tis hard to allow it in his sense,

Read Doctor *Hackwill* of Gods *providence*.

When you have read these Authors, for the rest,

I leave you to your self, to choose what's best.

This precept, pray take from me for a Close,

Confer, and what you read you will ne'r lose.

XXX. Cuidam.

YOur Man ask't, whether I did *Preach* next day,

At *Sudley* Chamber. It was answer'd *AY*.

I came in time and Pr. acht : You absent were :

Did you aske, *when* ? That you might not be there ?

XXXI. Upon a Brother of his.

I Doe confesse my *Fortune* is but low,

Yet I was willing freely to bestow

A *Gift* upon a Brother, 'Twas a *Boy* ;

That wants no *form*, nor *wit*, a, his friends say.

I wrote so twice : but He no answer gave,

Thinking perhaps I doe not *give*, but *crave*.

XXXII. To old Mr. Tho. Hacker.

YYou did not only doe well for your Son,

But when the *Glass* of s too short life was run,

You took his Orphan-Children to your care ;

And thus you truly the GRAND-Father are

Now since your loved Sons my pupils be,
 Sure you have some Relation unto Me.
 Among your *Relatives*, if in your will
 I should be one, who'l say you did doe ill ?
 You'l doe what ne'r was done before ; for I
 In all my life ne'r yet had Legacy.

XXXIII. *Chr. Merfetto suo, Doct. Med*

*IN*gratus essem, si non bene meritis darem,
 Quod otium peperit nostrum; cum Tu mihi
 Industrii ingenii soleas partus tui
 Demare promptus. Quaso non agre seras,
 Tot nomina inter, & Tuum Nomen legi.
 Sic tua perita semper sit felix manus ;
 Et Phœbus herbas porrigat lachry suas ;
 Ut tu favere nunc vales Musis meis.

XXXIII. *Vpon Lividus and Candidus.*
To the Stationers.

MY verses *Livid* in the worst sense takes ;
Candid of all a fair Construction makes.
 This is the cause, my verse to th' One is good,
 To th' other bad : just as I'm understood.
 Thus doe all Books higher or lower stand,
 Plac'd by the Reader's, not the Writer's hand.
 And now, as it finds favour in his eye,
 You'll sell, my friends, at more or at lesse price.

THE END.

THE COTSWOLD MUSE.

IV. Part.

MARTIAL.

*Cum tua non edas, carpis mea Carmina Lati;
Carpere vel noti Nostra, vel ede Tua.*

Thou seest out none, but sayst my Verse is nought:
Carp not, or tell me where Thine's to be bought.

LONDON,
Printed for F. A. at Worcester,

1651.

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GROVE
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*The Dedication of the
Fourth Part.*

*To my Noble Friend.
Mr. Tho. Bridges.*

MY *Muse* is now in *four parts*. Would they
were writ,
With full as much dexterity and wit,
As *Harry* and *Will Laves* did once compose,
Or you, my sweetest friend, can write in prose.

Yet, Though my *Muse* be not urbane, but rough :
As *Cotswold* folks, you know, are hard and tough :
At stately *Harvell*, when you doe her meet,
You'l bring her in, to kisse *The Ladies* feet.

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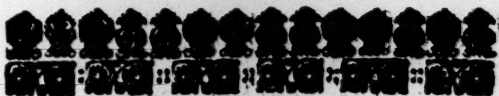
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FOURTH PART.

I, To Mr. D. W.

Poet, as *Fidler*, when he once begins,
Will never leave, untill you cut his strings.

II. To Sir W. C. of Glo.

After a *chilling blast* took me elsewhere,
My little family is replanted here,
Whom *CHANDOS* noble bounty now maintains;
And by *Your* Government, who hold the reigns
So gently, yet with skill and care, I have
For my *innocuous* Muse leisure and leave.
She is ambitious now to send you *health*,
And prepares for you, *Tb' Ebrew Commonwealth*.
Why should not my poor *studies* honour you?
Where the *Trees* grows, sure there some *fruit* is due.

To

V. To Mr. Fra. Powell of Ch. Ch.

I Have not seen fair Oxford since that yeer,
 When you the *Replicans Magist'rs* were ;
 And I with you and Dig^t, and *Lecturers* rest,
 Far'd better then at *Doctors Evan's* feast.
 Though absent, yet I cannot choose but love :
 And now my Muse would your Affection prove.
 She once drank at your *Will* : but now she sings
 Her plainer Notes by the cold *Custward* Springs.
 With Courteous Auditors her song may please,
 Though not such as *Maign's*, *Cartwright's*, *Waring's* was.

VI. That he makes verses after forty.
To Amusius.

I Lato's great Master, being past threescore,
 The Music he neglected had before,
 'Gain practice. Pray Sir, wherefore should not I
 At forty heare my Muses Melody.
 I know the worst of Censurers are They
 That drink or drab, 'stead of ingenious play.

VIII. That he makes verses in sad times.
To Bibax.

AND this is also laid amongst my Crimes,
 That I make Verses in these mournfull times,
 Why, I can mourne in veise ; and if I laugh ;
 'Tis more excusable, then (with thee) to quaffe.

VIII. Quicquid conabar dicere,

WONder of nature ! *Ovid* so sweet, so terse,
 Opens his lips, and there leaps out a Verse ;
 When *others* cannot *work* out any : yet
 Their thicker skulls continually they beat.
 They labour, but effect not : whose dull *Arts*
 Cannot supply ingenious *Natures* part.

IX. To Dr. Fuller.

NOR *Holy war*, nor yet thy *Holy State*,
 Our *Hulues* Appetite can satiate :
 But we expect (not vainly) after all,
 Thy *History Ecclesiasticall*.
 Some say, 'tis now come out : sure it hath been
 Long promised, and 'tis high time 'twere seen.
 Yet 'twere *ingrate* to charge Thee with *delay* ;
 Though slow, yet sure, in weighty *Gold* thou'lt pay.
 And this thy Glorious recompence shall bee,
 Fame shall perpetuate thy large *Memory*.

X. The saying of a King of France.

THE King once in a Church a Tomb did see,
 Stately and rich, over an enemy,
 An *English Knight*. Sir, said a *Courtier* will
 You have it raz'd ; for, it is very ill
 An *Enemy* shou'd ly thus. The King said, No :
 Would all mine *Enemies* were buried so.

XI. *On the Death of Sir William Croft,
To Col. Wroughton.*

Roth, I have quite forgot the *Castle* now,
 Where *Shydmore's* Men met such an overthrow.
 The *wisest* are not (as we see of late)
 Nor *valians'st*, ever the most *fortunate*.
 But perish may the *place*, perish the *Day*,
 When *Sober CROFT* came to so *mad* a fray.
 Name me not subtle *Birch* or *Morgan*. There
 When *Croft* was slain they conquer'd *Hertfordshire*.
 There was more *wit* and *valor* in that One,
 And One more, Prisoner, than in All that *was*.
 You were preserv'd a Prisoner, to tell,
 How sadly *Croft*, yet honorably, fell.
 Let not the virtuous pair of *Sisters* heare,
 Till the Good *Deane* his *cardinals* prepare.

XII. *The Defence.*
 To Mr. Fr. Powel of Ch. Ch.

A *Carefull* friend told me my *Verses* doe
 Look like *Delinquents*. *Franc*, I'll be judg'd by you.
 So long as my poor *Muse* makes no *debate*,
 Nor *fancies* ought that's dangerous to the *State*,
 Though I'm not bold, yet I no *censure* fear,
 Neither of potent *Commoner*, nor *Peer*;
 For naming excellent *Croft*, a *Knight*, or *Dean*,
 In this or that page of my *Verses* mean.
 One is, the other *was*, once of such *Grace*,
 That they may look each Reader in the face:
 Nor yet for valiant *Myn*, at *Marly* dead,
 Whose blood that *Field* asham'd of looks more red:

Nor

Nor for the hardy Knight, *Lingen*, whom I
 Call noble. Vertue's prais'd i'th' enemy.
 I'd call him so, did I againe begin ;
 And more ; I'd put his *Intell* Lady in,
 (Somewhere I said, *The Presbyter is new*,
 But I don't say, his Disciplin's not true :)
 Learn'd *Hammon*, devout *Taylor*'s an eye-sore
 O that we had twenty such Doctors more.
Hammon for's *Catechism* and *Tracts*, pray make
 Your friend ; and *Taylor*, for his *Jesus* sake.
Prideaux the Doctor doth deserve to live,
 If pardon to the Bishop you'l not give.
 Victors of ignorance ! I could live and dye,
 In writing your deserved *Elogy*.
 Such worthy Persons, both in *Camp* and *Schools*,
 Though opposite, are prais'd by all but Fools.
 And this my only blame is (Truth to tell)
 I have not set forth their just praises well.
 If this suffice not, then my *Muse* d'ye kicks
 I'm not so fond as *Hesiodore* of Trice.

XIII. Dr. Kery's Counsel.

WHEN for some time (I thankfull make relation)
 God gave me up to Satans Sly Temptation :
 He that sav'd many Souls, Kery divine,
 Was pleas'd to see me, hoping to save mine.
 My Thought ! my Thought ! I cryd, Doctor, my Thought !
 I dare not tell you : it is hideous naught.
 The Doctor gravely: Marke my Counsel well -
 And thy bad Thought, with a good Thought expell.
 Since that I find, Ill Thoughts best quenched are,
 If, at their Rise, I forthwith fall to Pray'r.

XIV.

XIV. *Upon Pompey and his Sons.*
Martialis.

*S*ompeios *Juvenes Asia atque Eubopa* ; sed ipsum
Terra tegit Libyes, si tamen ulla regit.
Quod mirum, toto si spargitur orbe ? facere
una non poterat tanta ruina loco.

Europe and Asia have Pompey's Sons: but He
In Afric's buried, it he buried be.
In every part o'th wo ld dispeist they dye ;
So great a Ruine could not in one part lye.

XV. *To Mrs. Stratford.*

*Y*ou sent me *Mault*, because my *Brink* was small :
 You send me now fine *Caps*, to hold my *Ale*.
 Your *Courtesy* runs o're. And, I hope, now
 My slender *Cotswold Muse* will stronger grow.
 A water-drinking *Muse* is flat : but *Mine*,
 Fresht with good *Ale*, will last, as those with *wine*.

XVI. *Guil. Turrio, cum non*
responderet.

*Q*uid ? Despicis Tu *Aviculi munusculum ?*
Etiam si Ego sem dignus Contumelia ;
Humanitatem non decet, Turri, tuam.
Novissimam recipito nunc vocem, Vale.

XVII. *Upon the Death of Mr. William Whear
fellow of Merton on St. Matth. day
Mar. 9. 9.*

JesUs DIXIt eI seqVere Me. & seCVtVs
est M.DCXXXIV.

To Mr. Sam. Whear.

IN's first degree, He graced Gloster-Hall :
In's next, that Colledge, that picks out of all,
And adds them to the learned Magazine,
By strict and ceremonious Discipline.
Often had he, in Philosophic fights,
With cheynel, Nevil, wright past the black nights.
Often had he, to th' Library confin'd,
Greek Spositors with Aristotle joind.
Often, in Problems of the Mathematicks,
Had he confer'd with Bainbridge and with Erix.
Fair knowledge, in all sorts of History,
He had from his learn'd father, Degory.
Divinity-doubts, when any did propose,
He could with Reynolds, Doughty, Cressy close.
Such mature Progresse had He made, that He
(Some thought) would Barly or second Occham be.
But as his study gave strength to his mind :
So by Consumption his body pind :
While he read Chrysostom : on St. Matthew's day,
His Saviour cald him : Scholar, come away.

This I have writ for you, Sam, who survive ;
In whom will, Charles, and John seem still alive.

XVIII. *To his Wife at last a Nurse.*

After six nurse'd by others, you'd ne'r rest
 Untill the *seventh* Child drew out your own Brest.
 The *seventh* some secret vertue has, they say :
 This then, I hope will prove a *fortunate* Boy.
 And 'as in this (your Brest being often sore)
 Your labours were; so will your *Joyes* be more.
 Children would all be more *obedient* sure,
 Knew they what *pains* their Mothers did endure.
 The Proverbs false : Once *Nurse*, *sev'n* year the *worsee*.
 Best Nurse is *Mother* ; and best Mother's *Nurse*.

XIX. *To the Reader.*

Blame not, that every obvious thing I take,
 And on it presently do *verses* make.
 To me alone a *Contumacy* Fit;
 The manner of each *Epigrammatist*.
 Thus *Harrington*, thus *Johnson* ; and 'fore all,
 The Poet to be gelded, *Martiall*.

XX. *The prick of a Thornes.*

To E. T.

Ned, you did say, my *Epigrams* will not sell.
 Sure 'tis because (although writ *prery well*)
 They are not *salt* with such *insavory* jests,
 As make our Country folk so laugh at feasts.
 Your *censures* I confesse went to the *Quick*,
 And (now at last I'm bold to put in) *prick*.
 Yet, I had rather my *book* should, on your stall,
 Lye *dead*, than once to *obscene* language fall.

XXI. *That poets are rich.*

S Mooth Randol, I remember well, doth say
 I'th' Pistle, to a Good, but his Worst Play;
 Among the Arts Poetry hath got a place,
 Upon set purpose t'undo all the race.
 Are Poets *poore*, having such copious Themes?
 I say, They're *rich*: at least in *Golden dreames*.

XXII. *A parly 'twixt a Citizen and
 Soldier, at Hereford-Siege.
 Sept. 1. 1645.*

AS at Throckmorton's sconce I went to pray,
 (Pray'r is the Cities best Defence, we say,)
 A Soldier from the Trenches loud did call;
 Norman the Citizen answered from the wall.
 I. See my bright Sword, *Lesty* commanded, scour!
 None of you men has, to live, many an hour.
 And then Skeins whet, our lusty wenches will,
 Your *women* all, and all your *barnes* to kill.

N. Tame *locky*, why 'oth' Suddain art so curst?
 Thou knowst, that hitherto You 've had the worst.
 If you can leap our walls, as o're a stile,
 Why have you not *assaulted* all this while?
 Since you fate down 'tis now almost *five weeks*:
 Y'ave little done, but gathered *suburb-leeks*.

I. I tell thee *sirrah*, long afore this we' had come,
 But by the way we met your *leaden plum*.

N. *Pure lead* to send to you, we do not fail:
 But you to us return the *lead with nail*.
 And, 'gainst the law of nations (sic on it)
 Your *lead* is poyson'd with your venomous *bit* :
 But, thanked be our *God*, it cannot hit.

I. Upon our *pikes* we would you quickly toss,
 Were it not for that reprobate *Mountrosse*.
 He spoils our *Country* with fire, sword, and speare,
 While we, to little purpose, linger here.

XXIII. Upon his son C. B.

AS I a bed, 'fore day, did verses make,
 My Bedfellow, my little Boy, did wake.
Father, you write on every thing, said He,
 Let me intreat you, make one Verse for me.
 I presently reply'd (He can't say black :)
 — Thou 'rt my *white Boy*, although thy eyes be clack.
 Thou bringst my *Book*; my *Candle* thou dost light ;
 I love thee next unto thy *Sister* bright.
 If thou wilt learn thy *Book*, I'll leave to thee,
 Not *one* verse, Boy, but *all* my Poetry.

XXIV. The Frogs asked a King. Phædri.

Athena cum florent æquis legibus
Præcax libertas, &c. vide Veteratorem

At Athens gentle *Laws* had bred,
 Wanton liberty : They took head,
 The reigs being loose, till the most part

Strength

Strengthen the Tyrant *Pisistrat*.
 They had no sooner undertook,
 But presently complain'd oth' yoke.
 Not that the King was cruel; but
 'Cause their soft Necks were not us'd to't.
*Eso*p beholding this their State,
 This Fable to them did relate.

The Frogs, at freedom, leapt about the lake,
 And loud to *Jupiter* for a King they crake :
 A King to order them with powerful hand.
Jove smil'd, and to the Rafter gave command
 To reign. It fell with force into the Poole,
 And with the noise affrighted the poor foolles.
 The Rafter lay a while all in the mud,
 At length one of the bolder Frogs up stood :
 And seeing the wooden King, did the rest call.
 Their fright being now past, out they marched all,
 Insulting o're the Rafter with much scorn.
Jove gives a better King, or wee' forlorn.
 The Serpent, *Jupiter* ith' next place sent ;
 Who with sharpteeth them all to pieces rent.
 Some few escape by flight, but dare not speak :
 By *Mercury* they send 'o *Jove* to wreak
 Their Cause. His Answer they receiv'd from God :
You wou'd not bear your Peace, now beare your Rod.
 And ye my Country-men, be Content, for fear
 You be in forc'd some greater harm to bear.

XXV. Upon D. Taylors Funeral Sermon.
 To Mr. Savage.

HAVING receiv'd your Sermon, I fell to't,
 And stirred not out of the place one foot,

Til I had with intenteive eye survaied
 All the celestial *Treasures* there are laid.
 There is exprest, how short is every Breath;
 And what the *Souls* estate is after death;
 What the Felicity of the *Saints* each one,
 Completed at the last *Re-union*:
 And all in such a pure and pious way,
 As if the Book were written with *heavens* ray.
 But then, the Narrative of the *Lady's* life,
 How discreet *Mother*, how observant *Wife*;
 This and the rest's so well describ'd, that you'l
 Say right, to call it *Taylor's Second Rule*.
 And though the *Ladies Tomb*, t'hir Lords content,
 Be stately built, This is her *Monument*.
 How happy was that *Noble Lord* in's love,
 To shelter such a Man at *Golden Grove*.

XXVI. To my Sister Barksdale.

NO end of *Teares*? but, weep yourself to *Night*,
 And lose your *Eyes*, because you've lost the *sight*
 Of your beloved *son*? Can you think now,
 By watering a dead *plant*, to make it grow?
 At the last day, the dead shall have a spring,
 And live again: but before, no such thing
 Is possible. The *Corruptible Body* must
 Take up his *Habitation* in the dust.
 The *Soul* which of the parts is far the best,
 Is gone to God to everlasting rest.
 Clear up, I pray, those fairest *Eyes*, and see
 How *mercifully* God hath dealt with'ee.
 One child Hath taken, and hath left the other
 To comfort you in the place of her Brother.
 But, if we will powre out our *Teares*, lets learn
 Their *Current* in the *Proper Course* to turn:

And

And then let Tears flow from us night & day,
 Til we have wept, and washt our *sins* away :
 Nor can our *Crosses* sufferd, nor our *Fears*,
 But our *Sins* may be cured by our Tears.

XXVII. *To the same.*

YOU grieve, and say, There was scarce ever any
 Hath buried her sweet Children young so many.
 That you to God so soon your Children sent,
 This is your *Priviledge*, not *Punishment*.
 Mothers, who thus their Infants back have given,
 Bare them, not so much for *themselves*, as *Heaven*.
 Happy, thrice happy are those little *Ones*
 Who are advanc'd *per saltum*, to their Thrones.

XXVIII *Upon the Book of Justification,*
written by I. G. sent me by my
 Lady CHANDOS.

WElcom the Book, expected so long time,
 Now sent me from the hand of one oth' prime
Ladies of England. Welcom, for *her* sake,
 Who by this favour hath bin pleas'd to make
 Me more obliged. Welcom, for its own *worth* :
 For here I finde perspicuously set forth,
 The work, which only by *Free Grace* is done,
 That sweetest Act, *Justification*.
 I have but tasted yet, but this short Taste
 Is far beyond some whole Books. (*Th' Author's* last
Writings I will not speak of) I don't fear
 To praise his *Learning* and his *Temper* here,

And were the rest not worthy of a look,
I will rejoyce to dwell on this fair Book.

XXIX. Of Love. *Casimiri Sarb.*

Quid nocti lumen ; luci quid querimus umbram ?
Nocte dies nobis est Amor ; umbra die.

Why seek we shade for day ; for darkness light ?
Love is our shade ith' Day ; our day, ith' Night.

XXX. A garland of Roses over
a sweet Child. *Ejusdem.*

Ipsa Corona Rosa est Puero ? Puer anne Corona
Ipsa Rosa est ? puer est ipsa Corona Rosa.

Does the Rose crown the Child ? or, the Child is
The Rose ith' Crown ? or Crowns the Rose ? So 'tis.

XXXI. An Angel painted by a faire
Child. *Ejusdem.*

Angele, Gonzaga es, si pictas exuis alas :
Si Gonzaga alas induis, Angelus es.

The Angel the Child is, let th' Wings alone ;
The Child the Angel is, put the Wings on.

Non

XXXII. Non NOBIS DOMINE, &c.

*In the Great Chamber at Sudeley.**To my Lo. C.*

CHANDOS, wh'adorn'd the Princely Chamber, where
 So many Friends and Tenants welcom'd were,
 Caus'd the Artificer on the wall to write
 This Sentence, & expos't to all mens sight.
 So when our works are brough't to end, must we
 All sing a'oud, *Non nobis, Domine.*
 And I, my Lord, that for my Muse I may
 Favour obtain, must *Kyrie Eleison* say.
 'Twas her Ambition her Notes to sing
 To the Great-Grandson of the *Cotswold-King.*

XXXIII. Of Faith.

THE Divine Mysteries, as the Scripture saith,
 Above our Reason, objects are of Faith.
 We tast the sweet, without the Theory:
 So Children suck the milk they do not see

XXXV. In Stapyhtonum Equi em Anglum
Interpretem Stradae Romani.

ANGLOS vexavit quondam male Stapytkonus:
 Et merito nata est Anglia (Roma) Tibi.
 Anglos ornavit nunc jam bene Stapytkonus:
 Et merito grata est (Anglia) Roma Tibi.

XXXVI. To my brother D. Charlton.

T'other hard work have *Elizius* the Lei
 Den Printers finish'd, *De Lithia*;
 Or have they fail'd? Then, let the books discease,
 Frequent with *writers*, on the *Printers* ceaze.
 What to the pious *Father* Death did give,
 Will make the *Son*, amongst best Authors, live.

XXXVII. *Eidem Domino* Gualt.
 Charltono. M. R.

Charltonus, is qui *Helmontium* pridem dedit
Nuperq; nobis reddidit *Helmontium*;
 Hunc pulchris miranda *Sympathetici*,
 Hunc eruditis exprimentem *paginis*
Medentium, de *Fluxibus*, *Lapsus* grauet:
 Iam nunc suum, de *Lapide secreto*, *librum*
 Donasse *luce publicum* gaudet *Bonus*.
 O *Autor* annumerande *Charltonis Tuis*!
 O abditâ *præclaræ* *Gemmæ Liber*!
 Et *Uivat* *Autor*, et *liber Uivat diu*!

XXXVIII. To Mr. Edmund Bower.

SO many Friends nam'd, yet not til this hower
 One verse bestow'd upon my honour'd *Bower*?
 Sir, I am glad, you again feed the *Oxe*,
 And ventur'd not upon the *Irish* rocks:
 No *Ground* for y u (though the beyond-sea sun
 Shine clear) can be so fit as *Alverton*.
 Long live there! you'r a *Man* the *Scriptures* bless,
 A faithful *Trustee* for the *Fatherless*.

XXXVIII. *To the worthy Persons mention'd
in these papers.*

AN ancient writer flatterd himself, that He
Should give his Friends an *Immortality*,
Whom in his Books he mention'd. Be it farr
From me, to glory thus. Your *Good Names* are
Immortal of themselves. If my *Muse* live,
Your *Names* her life and estimation give.

XXXIX. *Mro. Ric. Hillio T. B.*

Sententias qui veterum bene memor tenes :
Cuius Cor, aciem, nulla nunc possunt mala
Penetrare : rectus sed manes, recti tenax :
Si quando famis Hilaritatis poculum,
Admitte, quaeso, Musas in cœtum, ut soles :
Has sobrias, inquam, et siccas Musas meas.
Sic Hilariores floveant *Muse* Tuae.

XL. *To Mr. Edmund Waller.*

A wit and Poet's no reproach. To you
Both Titles, if to any One, are due.
Your Name shall be enrolled Sir, among
Best English Poets, who write *smooth and strong*.
I know a man, had rather, with your wit,
Be th' happy Author of a Poem (yet
He studied long by the fair stream of *Ouse*)
Than be some potent Prince, or *One oth' House*.

XLI. *A physick Note.*

A Son of *Galen's* in a *Physick* book
 Bids the physician for a *Med'cin* look
 In the next hedge to's *patient*. Ready case
Nature. provides for every climes disease.
 If so : our *Hawling-Men*, when sick, may see
 In *Fnula campana* their Remedy.
 Here's enough of it : which doth uselessly ;
 For They 'r scarce sick til by mere *Age* they dy.

XLII. *To Mr I. C. physician.*

When once I walkt with you thorough *Gloster* street,
 Some of the poorer sort we chanc'd to meet.
My life you sav'd, *Good Master Comberline*,
God bless you, said another, *You sav'd mine*.
 If we did know all your poor patients names,
 How should we magnify your Goodness, *James* ?
 The *Rich* from you have dear Health cheaply bought :
 The *Poor* have skil and *Med'cin* too for nought.

XLIII. *To D. Merret.*

MY Garden, Sir, is yet or'e-spread with weeds :
 Please you to send me some of your rare seeds,
 I shal prepare the *Ground*. But send in time,
 And of such *Plants*, as love a colder clime.
 That I may know the plant, not seed alone,
 Pray send me *Spigel's* Introduction.
 Twil be *Entertainment* for a Friend, to tell
 In what Disease my *Herbs* will make him well :
 And walking by the *banks* to describe what
 They are : One's good for this : T'other for that.

At last, I'll add, when the best Herbs I show,
 All these I to my *Merrets* bounty owe:
Merret, who runs the names and virtues o're
 Of these plants, yes, and of a thousand more:
 And can declare, which, what disease wil cure,
 At the first sight, even by the *Signature*.

XLIV. To *Mr Alex. Weld*.

When you were in our Country last *Rent-day*,
 You pleas'd to say, Sometime you'd take your way
 By my House. Pray Sir, when you come down next,
 Perform, and make your promise true as *Text*.
 Though my *Avaro's* pay not well their *Dues*,
 You shall be frasted by my bounteous Muse:
 And what you find deficient among
 The frugal *Dishes*, shce'l supply with song:
 That you may say, when you return, at *ware*
 Though not your *palate*, I did feast your *Eare*.

XLV. To *Mr F. B.*

Fulco, I know, albeit you'r wife and *Grave*,
 You so much of your old *Humanity* have,
 To let me tell you of the time, when *You*
 And *will*, and *Robin*, and *I*, and 'tother Crew
 Of fellows bony *fire-night* past ith' *Hall*,
 They from our now-strong-garrison'd *City* call.
 Oft have we discours'd o're a *Zegedine*
 Of *Double*, and now and then a pot of *wine*.
 Oft have we made a *lunto* o're the *Can*,
 Offending nor the *State*, nor *Priscian*.
 For in our Mirth, we ever careful were
 To please th' *Historicall Prelector* we hear.

Now wee 'r *dispast*, and perhaps grown more wise,
 Yet our old merry *Meetings* recognize.
 Our present *Gravity* will not go less
 Though we our youthly *vanity* confess,
 The *Enemy* can find nought, if he will
 Search for't, but what he may *preach at Corn-hill*.

XLVI. Upon Lent.

O *ur Country folk* are very retinent
 Of some old *Customs*, yet wil not keep *Lent*.
 Upon *Shrove-Tuesday* they do feast and play :
 But on *Ash-wednesday* they'l not fast and pray.
 So prone we are our wanton flesh to please:
 But care not much to cure the *Soul's* disease.

XLVII. To Mr W. T.

„ *Noli timere ; familiam pascet tuam :*
 „ *Nolo timere ; familia n pascet meam.*
wil. you did say, There is no *hurt* ith' rest :
 But of my verses, these two are the *best*.
 If *Grotius*, whose verses finely go,
 Were 'live again to write, he would write *so*.
 O say not *Grotius* would write like me :
 'Tis too much *praise*, to write two lines as H E.

XLVIII. To the same. A Sermon Note.

Will. I remember (eight years now are past)
 Preaching at *Hereford* great Church, at last
 You did infer, by way of Application,
 Out of judicious *Hooker*, this Citation.

„ The time will come, a word with Meekness fit,
 „ Shall be preferr'd to a volum of sharp wit.
 For th' use of all the *Brethren* of our Coat,
 I have revived here this good old *Note*.

XLIX. *To the Critics.*

I Am not as the Lord *Mountaigny*, He
 In whose *Essays* so large Impressions be
 Of his *peculiar*, disposition :
 Yet have I giv'n my poor Muse a Commission,
 To tell some *private Tales* ; and made no doubt,
 To put my own Pedantic humors out.
 Kind Readers think not mine the dullest Pen
 That writes, if they meet one good Verse in ten.
 Ye sons of *Priscian*, pray, with favour read :
 Lest my bold Scholars break your Father's Head.

L. *An excuse.*

OFTEN I ride o're *Englands coldest Hill*,
 And meet with many a blast enough to chill
 A stronger Muse : nevertheless, my dame
 Keeps company, and remains *still the same*.
 She shorts my way, and, when no other's lent,
 Her own self is sufficient Argument.
 Now shee'd excuse some Verses *hard pac'd* are,
 Because made on my poor old trotting *Mare*.

LL. *Herbert and Crashaw.*

WHEN into *Herbert's Temple* I ascend
 By *Crashaws Steps*, I do resolve to mend

My

My lighter Verse, and my low notes to raise,
 And in high Accent sing my *Makers* praise.
 Mean while these sacred *Poems* in my Sight
 I place, and read, that I may learn to write.

LII. Come from *Lebanon* my Spouse: Cant.
M. Casim. Sarbie.

ET fugis, et fugiens clamas, Quid Sponsa moraris?
 Non fugis, ut fugias; ut capiare, fugis.

Thou fly'st, and flying call'st: Away, my Spouse!
 Thou fly'st not to avoid her, but to rouse.

LIII. *St Magdalen* weeping under the Crois.

AH sitio, clamas. Absunt his rupibus undæ.
 Sola fluunt oculis flumina; sola bibe.

Thou cry'st, I thirst. But Those are Rocks, not men;
 These Eyes yield Chrysell waters. Lord, drink them.

LV. Upon Chrysostom.

You that vouchsafe to read these Verses, know,
 I may a *Chrysostom* to y. u. favour owe.
 Great Chrysostom Constantin' politan,
 Of th' Greck Edition Savilian;
 The stationer, for my *De Imperio*
 Has promis'd it as my Reward. But so,
 The sumptuous Impression do not by
 Upon his hands; pray, Gentle Readers, Buy.
 'Tis *Grotius*. Enough. Discourses wise
 Of State and Church take at two shillings price;

Wha

What though he ask you for is half a Crown
 You spend more at one *Sitting* in the Town:
 I't not a thrifty bargain for the *Truth*;
 Expect a better of the *Golden-Mouth*,
 Give me my *Chrysostom*, I will dispense,
 To all our Country-men his Eloquence,
 And first, the *sweet-short Sermons* you shall hear,
 Preach't, where They first the *Christian Name* did beare.

LV. To the Printer.

DId I effuse a little more of brine,
 On m' *Epigrams*, in such and such a line;
 Or could I *write*, as well as you can *Print*,
 Unless there be a fatal disaster in't,
 (Although my *Thuan* were not of quick sale)
 The Muse will roundly off like *Coswald Ale*.
 Pray, tell the *Bookseller*, if he will see't,
 Th' *Epigram*, though not very salt, is sweet.
 No obscene jests, no jeeres fall from my Pen:
 But it delights in praise of *Books and Men*.

LVI. To the Book-binder.

HAs my Muse made a fault? Friend, I intreat,
 Before you *bind* her up, you wou'd her *beat*.
 Though *Shoe's* not *loose* and wanton, I can tell,
 Unlessc you *beat* her, you'l ne'r *bind* her well.

LVII. To F. A. Stationer.

F~~R~~anc, you admire, what thou'd the meaning be,
 That my *unknown Muse* printed is for Thee.

Here

Here in the end, Thou shalt the Reason find :
 'Tis printed (tak't not ill) for thee to bind.
 None can compare to you, so finely well
 You bind, that your books for the *out-side* sell :
 If, by your *close Art*, you will set it forth,
 My *Cockswold Muse* will sell, though Nothing worth;
 And though the writers *wit* give no great flash,
 Readers will think, tis *Good*, cause *banned by Asb.*

LVIII. To the Readers.

Conclusion.

MY verse, because they are not *hard and rare*,
 As some of *Dav'nant's*, *Don's* and *Cleveland's* are,
 You censure. Pray Sir, must all men write so ?
 Or can wee *all* unto fair *Corinth* go ?
 But, Truth is, I'd not write so, if I cou'd :
 I *write*, just as I *speak*, to be understood.
 Whose sense will not without much study come;
 Let him, for me, be altogether *dumb*.
 No *Persius* be my Reader ; but such may,
 As *He*, who once threw *Persius* away.

Obe, jam satis est, obe Libelle.

Errata.

Page. 2. L. 7 dele *Tibi*, 32. 7 *volucens* d 32. 22, heavy
 grief 34. 15 *Vis*, *urtem* *captam* 39. 4. *survi*. 45 two
 bald. p. 46. v. 15. *eximium*. 47. 4. *Andis*. 62. 6. *affatu*.
 65 *Præcian*. *Frischlin*, 68. 7. *dispuers*, *ult*, *poluiss*, 76. 23
 or Knight. 80. 13 *Contumely*.